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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Kruger makes overtures of peace in the same unpleasant manner that he makes war. The ultimatum, the telegram to Lord Salisbury, and the notorious bill of costs for "moral and intellectual damage" form a trio of the most remarkable political documents that have ever been issued under one man's auspices. In his "overtures for peace" Mr. Kruger makes no new proposals, and simply poses, as he has always done, as the innocent victim of the British Government upon whom he casts the responsibility for the "ruin and devastation" in South Africa; to which he only became sensitive when he himself had become the principal sufferer. In these circumstances he again puts forward his demand for independence, and again Lord Salisbury has to reply that even less now than before can this impossible demand be conceded. As an appeal for intervention, which in fact it is, Mr. Kruger's coup has failed. Mr. Balfour's answer to the question as to the mediation or, as, we are told to call it, the "intermediary" rôle of the United States, M. Delcassé's speech in the French Senate, and the German direct reply to Mr. Kruger, show conclusively that the President reckoned without his host in counting on foreign support to help him out of the entanglement of his warlike enterprise. Lord Salisbury has allayed many misgivings.

An excellent month's work, beginning with the turning of the Magersfontein position and the consequent relief of Kimberley, has been completed by the capitulation of Bloemfontein. On 10 March Lord Roberts' advance was stubbornly opposed at Driefontein by a large body of the enemy who were out-manceuvred and retreated with heavy loss. Lord Roberts telegraphed to the two Presidents as to acts of abuse of the white flag witnessed by himself and officers of his staff. The movement south-east continuing, Aasvogel was reached on 11 March unopposed. On the 12th Lord Roberts was at Ventersvlei fifteen miles from Bloemfontein and General French was ordered if possible to seize the Bloemfontein Station. The enemy were driven out of two positions in the hills. On the following day a party of Free State officials came out from Bloemfontein and handed over the keys of the public offices to Lord Roberts. The "late President Steyn" fled to Kroonstad to found a new capital. With the exception of

Mafeking which is hard pressed though holding out as determinedly as ever the record from other quarters is entirely satisfactory. Generals Brabant, Clements and Gatacre are moving across the Orange River into the Free State. There is silence up to the present as to General Buller's movements.

Notwithstanding the foolish and spiteful ravings of the gutter press of the Continent, information from several private sources leads us to believe that foreigners have been profoundly impressed by the events of the war. An Austrian gentleman, who has been engaged in business for several years in the City, was asked by a friend what he thought of the behaviour of the British people and the British troops. "I will tell you what, I think of the British nation," was the reply. "I have been so impressed by the nobility of the people and the bravery of their soldiers that I have applied to be naturalised. My solicitor has sent in my application, and in a few weeks I shall be a full-blown British citizen." The friend congratulated him, on which our youngest citizen added, "Ah, the British are a big race, but their leaders are very small men." He dilated for some time on this interesting theme, but we dare not repeat what he said.

Patriotic speeches by Colonial statesmen have been many and memorable in the last few months, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Canadian Parliament on Wednesday easily surpassed them all. Sir Wilfrid sees both local and Imperial significance in the participation of Canada in the present war. It puts the finishing touches to her nationhood, and naturally brightens the prospect of Imperial federation. Members of the two branches of the Canadian family have fallen in South Africa and been laid in the same grave. "Can we not hope," asks the Premier, "that in that grave shall be buried the last vestiges of our former antagonism?" From the Imperial point of view, Sir Wilfrid Laurier urged that if future assistance is to be considered compulsory, he would say to Great Britain: "If you want us to help you, call us to your councils." The Imperial Senate, advocated by one of our correspondents last week, may be nearer realisation than even the most optimistic would dare to suggest.

It is announced that Sir William McCormac and Mr. Treves, having carried out the work they undertook as civilian surgeons at the front, are now returning to England. Sir William Stokes, Mr. Watson Cheyne, Mr. Makins, Mr. Franks and Mr. Lenthal Cheate, however, will remain with the forces, and the las-

named, it is understood, has now organised his new hospital for the wounded men of Lord Roberts' army. No one denies that the War Office did well in appointing these seven civilians as special surgeons, and the plan has worked well: yet this has not deterred various irresponsible papers from publishing idle and even malicious stories, one of which asserts that Mr. Cheate only secured his large salary (each of the special surgeons gets paid at the rate of about £5,000 a year) through a mistake on the part of a War Office clerk. Mr. Cheate was chosen because he was a brilliant member of his profession and of course he was offered exactly the same salary as his colleagues. But no matter: anything in the way of personality does to fill up the column sacred to foolish babble.

It would be absurd to apply ordinary logic to the arguments used by Mr. Harrington and his friends against the Dublin Corporation Address to the Queen. On the other hand it is quite clear that the Irishman who is a Home Ruler but not a revolutionary Republican is perfectly consistent in welcoming the Queen as the constitutional head of any possible form of government which he would approve of as a Home Ruler. Naturally this is a sort of Home Rule which the Parliamentary party dislikes; and they were opposed to the Dublin Address because it would draw attention to the fact that Ireland on the whole, even leaving out of account the loyalists par excellence, has no desire to sever its connexion with the Empire through the headship of the Queen. But the speeches in support of the address show even more than this. They displayed a warm personal feeling towards the Queen herself which is something more than a deduction from a political and constitutional theory.

On Tuesday the Foreign Office issued the correspondence between the German and the British Governments relative to the seizure of German vessels in Delagoa Bay. Count von Bülow's speech on this subject will be remembered as one of those offensive attacks upon Great Britain which seemed to have been modelled upon the brutal press criticisms which have been made in Germany so abundantly during the war. There was nothing in the replies of Lord Salisbury which gave the slightest justification for the tone adopted by the German Foreign Minister but a complete answer to the charge that the seizures had been made against well-recognised rules of international law. The discourtesy of the speech was more inexcusable seeing that Lord Salisbury made concessions waiving to a very considerable extent the strict right of search. It was ultimately found that the charges of carrying contraband could not be sustained against the German vessels but Lord Salisbury explains very cogently the circumstances which had made the search necessary and the difficulties which had led to the delay that occurred. But to the essential claim that "there cannot be contraband of war in trade between neutral ports" Lord Salisbury has made a decisive answer which abates no jot of the rights of belligerents and is a valuable statement of the principles upon which Great Britain will act in future.

The German outburst over the seizures was engineered in the interests of the Navy Bill. This Bill is at present in a ludicrous position. It has a rival in a Meat Inspection Bill which has displaced it from its proud pre-eminence. The two bills are connected very curiously. The Navy Bill has always been put forward on the ground that it was necessary to have a strong navy to protect German commerce, and the commercial towns have been strongly in favour of it. But the Agrarians who are extreme Protectionists have only given it a doubtful support, and suspected its effect upon their Protectionist policy. They are extremely strong in the Reichstag and are supported by the Clericals, who have their own reasons for throwing obstacles in the way of the Government. The Meat Inspection Bill gives them an opportunity of asserting their claims as the price of their adherence to the naval scheme. They insist upon the prohibition of the importation of foreign meat; but if this were granted it would set in opposition to the Navy Bill the commercial and shipping industries and of course reduce it

to an absurdity. America's meat trade with Germany being threatened the controversy is arousing the greatest interest there; a war of tariffs is threatened; and the Administration are contemplating the imposition of a discriminating tax on the shipping of any country unjustly discriminating against American products.

Nothing essentially new is to be gathered from the debates in supply on the Army Estimates. In a general way the projects of the Government were perfectly well known, and what has been said for and against them during the week was merely repetition of an ancient tale. Mr. Wyndham's speech on Tuesday filled in with a little more detail his previous speech, and several things are worth noticing in it. One passage states his ideal of possible reform. It is not so completely root and branch as that of some of his critics and it is admittedly beyond what the Government has proposed or thinks practicable to propose in present circumstances. This ideal is the maintenance of the voluntary system; 60,000 recruits a year raised by adequate inducements and the increased respect in which the soldier is to be held; ability to send away at a moment's notice two army corps fully equipped; and at home, in Canada, in South Africa, and Australia auxiliary forces growing up and trained to take their place beside the regulars. We may be years, says Mr. Wyndham, in reaching this goal; but he claims that the Government and the nation are on the road thither, and it cannot be missed if we only persevere.

We have a colonial force of over twenty-nine thousand in South Africa at present and there will probably be five thousand more. The different rates of pay of these forces and the regulars has caused some discussion. It raises the very important and most interesting question, when will colonial and regular troops render the same obligatory military service, all distinctions being merged in the one Imperial system? Mr. Wyndham quite properly treated this question with great formal reserve but neither he nor Great Britain nor the Colonies believe themselves to be over-sanguine in anticipating that the Colonies are destined to play a very great part in the future evolution of the Empire and will seek to render the repetition of the splendid efforts they have been making more easy by some kind of organisation on prearranged lines. We hope that too great coyness on either side may not, as may easily be the case in emotional affairs, delay real business arrangements too long. The kind of proud humility which holds us back from "soliciting too earnestly any assistance from our Colonies in view of their voluntary offers during the last few months" may be carried too far and defeat the real wishes of both sides.

The ultimate cost of the war is of course problematic but the basis on which the Government is asking for money is to keep at full pressure for another period of six months and at half pressure for a further period of six months. The transition from one to the other will not be abrupt and no clear distinction can be made between them; so that the basis of the calculation is taken on the fact that the estimate of £23,000,000 up to the end of March seems likely to be closely realised. This works out at the sum of £31,500,000, the sum that has been set apart for the further prosecution of the war, which is expected to prove sufficient for everything except the final charges for winding up and liquidating the transaction, bringing the troops home and giving them gratuities at the end of the war. The particulars as to the Militia and Volunteers with the temporary and permanent provisions were outlined in Mr. Wyndham's earlier speech but it seems that the idea as to mounted Volunteers has been modified, because it is thought they would be putting their money on the wrong horse by putting themselves on horses. They are therefore to be encouraged to put their money and themselves on bicycles and every regiment of Volunteers is to form one company on bicycles.

As a result of the present distress, it is no uncommon thing nowadays for a subaltern to obtain his company in four years; a state of things much to be deplored. Hence the absurdity of the civilian-made rule of the



adjutant-general's department which requires ex-line captains serving in the Militia to go back to their old line regiments as subalterns. Needless to say that in every case the officers in question have not been willing to occupy such equivocal positions. The result is that many young and inexperienced men have been promoted, while the services of useful and seasoned officers serving in the Militia cannot be obtained. It is of course just one more slight on that despised force. A reserve officer on again serving takes his old rank; but the line officer who enters the Militia is apparently supposed to be contaminated by the association and, whereas formerly he was considered able to discharge the duties of his rank, after a spell of service in the Militia he is no longer fit to do so. In other words, the officer who on leaving service spends his time walking the Pall Mall pavé need not re-grade on re-entry; but he who in the interval uses his experience to improve the Militia must lose his rank.

In America the Government is struggling with as little success as courage against certain classes of their people who make hostility to Great Britain a party programme. What has happened to the Pauncefote-Hay Convention modifying the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was very much to be expected in view of the approaching Presidential election. The President thinks of himself and his party rather than of good sense and honesty in international relations. It is doubtful therefore whether Mr. McKinley and his administration will have the courage to refuse to accept the modification of the Convention which the Senate seems determined shall be made. No doubt the proposed clause that the United States may take measures for securing by their own force the defence of territory and the maintenance of public order is a replica of Article X. of the Suez Canal Convention of 1888. But Mr. Hepburn and his friends have already foreshadowed their construction of such a clause by their talk about forts commanding the canal; and moreover, as sensible American papers are pointing out, Nicaragua is not American territory, and this makes a very considerable difference between the two cases.

There is no reason to doubt that the recent declarations attributed to the Amir are substantially correct or that they represent his real sentiments. Few statesmen alive know the Russians and their policy better than he does. He is well aware that we do not want to occupy his country if the Tsar's officers will leave it alone, while Russia covets it as the master position where she could quietly collect her forces for a descent on India. There is quite the Afghan touch in Abdur Rahman's complaint that he does not receive from the English the full support and confidence which he deserves. Ignoring what Indian money and English skill have done to arm his forts and armies he thinks this a fair occasion to squeeze out a bit more. The most significant of his utterances is that which discusses the hostile attitude towards Russia of the Mohammedan countries she has conquered. His irreverent illustration of the British Parliament shows His Highness to be a man of humour.

While the numbers on famine relief in India continue to grow with deplorable rapidity, it is at least some satisfaction to know that some part of their labour is utilised on works of permanent utility. It too often happens in famine time that vast crowds of labourers are employed on hastily improvised works and at the end there is little to show for the huge expenditure. Earthwork is almost the only task which can be set to the unskilled labour that chiefly demands employment. There has always been a difficulty in finding suitable projects of this class. On the present occasion a number of projected railway lines traverse the affected tracts. The embankments and cuttings afford excellent task-work for the stricken population while helping to further the future development of the country.

The trials instituted by the Admiralty in H.M. ships "Highbury" and "Minerva," fitted respectively with the Belleville water-tube boilers and the old form of steam generator, do not seem to indicate any serious mistake on the part of the authorities in adopting a

system which has such advantages for warships. It is true that at certain speeds there is a greater consumption of coal, but this may be due to inexperience in stoking this special type of boiler, and it is compensated by the weight gained in the boiler itself; practically equal to the weight of water in the old boiler—say in a large vessel two hundred tons. The great advantage of a water-tube boiler to a warship is the rapidity with which steam can be raised and speed increased. This is less important in the merchant steamer which proceeds at a uniform rate for long voyages, and the Belleville costs more to instal and greater care to maintain. The water-tube boiler has come as a natural consequence of increased pressures; and though we may not have in the Belleville the most perfect form of this principle no other has been successfully applied in large steamers. Any material increase in steam speeds will probably lead to an extension of the water-tube boiler in the mercantile marine.

We trust that Evangelical Churchmen are satisfied with the appointment of Mr. Chavasse to the see of Liverpool. They have been for some time all too apt to grumble and even to whimper over the course of ecclesiastical appointment, and especially Lord Salisbury's appointments. They should congratulate themselves that it does not rest with them to appoint to many of the higher ecclesiastical positions which may fairly be claimed by Evangelical Churchmen as theirs by prescription. Liverpool is essentially one of these; and Lord Salisbury has made the very best choice possible. The better elements amongst the Evangelicals would very likely have selected Mr. Chavasse to succeed Dr. Ryle, but we doubt very much if the bulk of them would have chosen a man who was so little of a partisan. Mr. Chavasse's personality and intellectual strength will in his new position be a gain to the whole Church, and these times of "crisis" will bring his qualities into more than usually bold relief.

"A fervent Catholic and an impenitent Liberal." Such was the verdict of Lacordaire on himself. It will also serve as the keynote of the life and work of his favourite disciple, Père Didon, who has just died at Toulouse. With an eloquence that almost rivalled that of his master, he made himself famous by his sermons on the "reconciliation" of science and religion. His superiors interfered and Père Didon retired to Corsica. When after several years he again returned to public life, it was to make his name as an educationist. Essentially a strong man he succeeded, at least in his own schools, in largely emancipating the pupils from the servile régime which dominates the French educational world, and in initiating them in the difficult art of self-government. Only last year he came to England where he was delighted to find many of his ideas in full operation in our great public schools. While amongst us, he gave the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW the story of his ideals. In his energy, his forcefulness, his profound conviction that education is a living thing, he recalls in many ways the maker of Uppingham, but unlike Thring he has not lived to see the completion of his labours. French education and especially the écoles libres have suffered a well nigh irreparable loss. The loss to the world, truth is compelled to add, would have been greater, had Didon never soiled himself with politics.

After the "Absent-Minded Beggar" and other of Mr. Kipling's variations on the "Tommy Atkins" theme, we can but congratulate him on his turning to prose. Two columns of the "Times" cannot at any rate be bawled in every tavern-hall or hummed for want of thought: that is something. But could not Mr. Kipling have given us his message in plain language? There has been a rebellion brewing at the Cape for long; the disloyalists have gained at the loyalists' expense; rebels must be tried: cold justice be meted out; the guilty must not be let off lightly, or the loyal will lose what faith they still have in the Imperial Government and the fair fame of the Cape suffer throughout the British Colonies. With all this we cordially agree; but why work it up into a kind of

jungle-story, told in mock heroics? "And it rests with you, O British public, to fill his hope." This may be "Mr. Kipling's picturesque style;" but it is hardly a style calculated to move the man of action, certainly not the English man of action. From what we know of the British public, especially the male public, it strongly objects to being thus apostrophised and "O"ed. Such advances are apt to be repulsed with a short but vigorous response.

There has been a great deal of wild gossip about the War Loan. Some foretold it would be subscribed for twenty times over, others thirty times, while there were not wanting wisecracks who knew that the application-cheques at the Bank of England represented a sum of over £20,000,000. On Monday the allotment-letters will probably be out, and if as we expect the loan has been subscribed for eleven times over, it is a wonderful fact. It means that when the Chancellor of the Exchequer asks for £30,000,000, he is offered £330,000,000 or more than half the total amount (roughly speaking) of the funded National Debt. Of course there is every variety of that noble animal "the stag" about, from the Trust Company to the simple "rentier," anxious to make a bit. From what we hear the £100 applications are likely to be allotted in full, and then applicants for amounts up to £1,000 will receive most consideration. When you get over £1,000 it will be impossible to distinguish the genuine investor from the premium-hunter, and except in notorious cases the rule of arithmetic will have to be applied. The premium is 1½.

If there were any logic or consistency in the course of prices on the Stock Exchange (which there is not), the proclamation of peace in South Africa should be followed by a panic. For as Lord Roberts advances prices of Kaffir mines fall, Rand Mines declining to 36 on the day when the occupation of Bloemfontein was announced. The only exceptions to the general slackness in the South African Mining Market are De Beers, which have touched 29½ and Jagersfonteins at 15½, rumours of amalgamation being afloat. It is possible that Mr. Rhodes may be coming to London to put through the purchase of the Jagersfontein property, but there is no official information on the point. Two explanations of the dulness of Kaffirs are given. One is that patriotism and sentiment caused a lot of people to buy when the issue was obscured, but now that success is certain there are no fresh buyers. The other theory is that people are afraid the Boers will wreck the mines, or rather the machinery, and that the danger is coming nearer every day.

On the latter point we may hazard the following speculation. If Mr. Kruger thinks that the game is up, it is quite possible he may allow his burghers the luxury of wrecking the machinery. But if he thinks of standing a siege at Pretoria, he must know that his only chance lies in the possibility of complications or intervention in Europe. But to damage the mines would turn all Europe against him and, if he has made any calculations as to his future, would be madness. Mr. Chamberlain stated in the House of Commons on Thursday that the matter was being seriously considered by the Government, and that Mr. Kruger had been duly warned that he would be held responsible. Mr. Montagu White's suggestion from America that the destruction of Johannesburg may be necessary as a military measure is of course mere rubbish. The other markets have been supremely uninteresting. American rails have as usual gone up and down, though Atcheson Preference touched the record price of 70. Is this stale tip really going to come off before the Greek Kalends? The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway having declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. on the Second Preference, the Ordinary shares moved up to 71, a rise of over 12 points in the last three weeks. Argentine securities generally have been firm and in the foreign market Spanish at 71½ have again been a feature. Australians are out of favour, Lake Views heading the all round decline at 12½. With £500,000 out of the Bank Consols yesterday closed slightly easier at 101½.

#### EXIT THE FREE STATE.

"THE incontestable independence" of those two "sovereign international states," the Boer republics, has suddenly and rudely been cut in half. On Tuesday last the Orange Free State ceased to exist, passed quickly and quietly out of incontestable independence into equally incontestable dependence upon the British Crown. Nothing could illustrate more vividly the tenuous impudence of Messrs. Steyn and Kruger than the manner in which Bloemfontein was occupied by Lord Roberts. Mr. Fraser, who stood against Mr. Steyn at the last presidential election, the Mayor, the Secretary of Mr. Steyn's late government, the Landrost and other officials, met Lord Roberts without the town and presented him with the keys of the public offices. Without firing a shot the British Commander-in-Chief took possession of the capital and hoisted the British flag over what was the Presidency. "The inhabitants of Bloemfontein," adds Lord Roberts in his telegram, "gave the troops a cordial welcome." And yet exactly eight days before this event Messrs. Steyn and Kruger informed Lord Salisbury by cable that "now that the prestige of the British Empire may be said to be assured by the capture of one of our forces by Her Majesty's troops . . . we are ready to restore peace" upon the terms that "the incontestable independence of both republics as sovereign international states" shall be secured, and that "those of Her Majesty's subjects who have taken part with us in this war shall suffer no harm whatsoever in person or property"! How is it possible to treat seriously this pair of *farceurs*, who seem determined to dissolve their existence, not in blood and tears, but in the laughter of the world? A modest and temperate appeal to the Prime Minister, offering to accept unconditionally the paramountcy of Great Britain, to disarm the burghers, and to pay an indemnity, would have been an exceedingly good card for Messrs. Steyn and Kruger to play. Such an offer could not have been accepted, but it would have excited a great deal of foreign sympathy with the Boers, and might have placed Lord Salisbury in rather an embarrassing position. The childishness of the telegram of 5 March, written a few days before the unopposed occupation of Bloemfontein, has covered the Boer cause with ridicule and alienated many of its supporters. Luckily for England, the situation has once more been simplified by the amazing folly and insolence, we do not say of the Boer nation, but of their two leaders.

To such a demand for peace Lord Salisbury could return but one answer, and we hardly see why it took him five days to compose it. After a pregnant recital of the events which led to the issue of "an insulting ultimatum," Lord Salisbury reminds Messrs. Steyn and Kruger that the Boer forces not only invaded, but claimed by proclamation to annex, portions of Her Majesty's empire. The "great calamity" of the war is pithily described as "the penalty which Great Britain has suffered for having in recent years acquiesced in the existence of the two republics," and a masterly State paper ends with the plain sentence that Her Majesty's Government "are not prepared to assent to the independence either of the South African Republic or of the Orange Free State." No other answer was, as we have said, expected or possible, and within forty-eight hours it was pointed by the occupation of Bloemfontein, the flight of Mr. Steyn, and the apparently cordial reception of our troops by the citizens of the Free State. If so shrewd a man of the world as Lord Roberts was not deceived, and the Free Staters were really glad to see him, it follows that Mr. Steyn did not represent the true wishes of his people, who have been dragged into this war against their will. May not the same turn out to be true of Mr. Kruger and the Transvaal Boers, and may we not enter Pretoria as peacefully as Bloemfontein? However that may be, the Orange Free State is now "parcel and portion of the past" and has been formally added to the British Empire. The march of events, or rather of troops, which is the same thing, has solved, as it usually does, the preliminary problems of politics. One of the two Boer Republics is at present under the military rule of Lord Roberts,



and it is to be hoped that before spring passes into summer the other will be. Military occupation and the government of the sword necessarily succeed conquest, and precede any political settlement. The period for which it may be necessary to continue military rule as well as the nature of the settlement must depend upon circumstances. It will probably be desirable, before granting any kind of autonomous constitution to the two States, considerably to alter their boundaries. A portion of the Eastern Transvaal will certainly be incorporated with Natal, while on the northern and western sides modifications may be made in the direction of Rhodesia and the Bechuana Protectorate. It may also be expedient by a rectification of the southern frontier of the Orange State to prevent the new electorate from being too exclusively Dutch. A great deal has to be done, in short, before constitutional government can be granted, and over the transition period military men must inevitably preside. As Lord Wolseley's term of office as Commander-in-Chief expires in October, it is the wish of the nation, we believe, that Lord Roberts should succeed him. Everything therefore points to Lord Kitchener as the soldier who should assist Sir Alfred Milner in the settlement of the new South African states. Lord Kitchener has got a brain as well as an arm, and his tried talent for organisation cannot fail to be of the greatest service to the High Commissioner in the huge task before him. There is one duty which we hope will not be shirked, the punishment of "those of Her Majesty's subjects who have taken part with us" (Steyn and Kruger) "in this war," and that not only in the field.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

SUCCESS continues to attend our operations in South Africa, and at last we have the satisfaction of knowing that the British flag is flying over the late Free State capital. Although the military effect of this coup need not of necessity be far-reaching, its political effect cannot fail to make itself felt throughout the whole theatre of war. The despatch of the Boer Presidents to Lord Salisbury shows that they are beginning to feel the straits to which they are reduced, and if it be true that the Portuguese authorities are now realising their duties as neutrals, the difficulties of the enemy are likely before long to increase considerably. Lord Roberts is collecting about him a formidable army. The 8th division will soon be at his disposal. Meanwhile the supply of irregular troops grows apace. The idea of forming a Mounted Volunteer Sharpshooters' Corps is a good one, and if the men are properly selected they should prove a most valuable adjunct. It is well that Natal has not been too freely denuded of troops. Another Boer attack in that direction is still possible. The wisdom of such a step might be doubtful, but temporarily it might seriously inconvenience Sir Redvers Buller.

As to actual details. Sir George White has left the scene of his gallant resistance, and has embarked from Durban for East London. Sir Redvers Buller remains in charge of Natal. As to what is likely to happen there, it is hard to form an opinion, since no information respecting his intentions has been vouchsafed us. But it is at least unlikely that much more serious fighting will take place in Natal, though the return of Sir Charles Warren, who was already on his way South, is not without significance. In the north of Cape Colony all goes well. On the 11th General Gatacre reported that he was within a mile of Bethulie railway bridge—which had been partially destroyed—and that the enemy were holding the opposite bank. Bethulie waggon bridge has been saved by the daring of an officer and a handful of Derbyshires. Meanwhile Stormberg presents a scene of great activity. Burgersdorp was occupied on the 7th to the intense joy of the inhabitants, and railway and telegraphic communication has been reopened with it. Large numbers of rebels are still in the neighbourhood. But they are stated to be waiting for a favourable opportunity to surrender. General Brabant and his colonial force

have occupied Jamestown, which they left on the 10th for Aliwal North. General Clements reports that he has occupied Norval's Pont and the adjacent drift, and that as soon as his pontoon troop arrives he will cross the river. The necessary repairs to the railway bridge will then be commenced. These operations have had the effect of placing in our hands the control of the railway system in that neighbourhood. A considerable combined movement northwards may soon be expected. After the fight on the 7th, at which Presidents Kruger and Steyn were present, no time on our side was lost. General French was ten miles ahead of Lord Roberts' army, and his advance was continued with discretion and success. Throughout the 10th Lord Roberts' march was opposed by the enemy, whose intimate knowledge of the surrounding neighbourhood afforded them a considerable advantage. The fighting fell mainly on General Kelly Kenny's Division, and took place in the neighbourhood of Driefontein. Eventually the enemy's position was turned at the point of the bayonet by the Welsh and Essex regiments. During the 11th Lord Roberts resumed his march, and twelve miles were covered without encountering opposition. The enemy's defeat of the previous day had probably been more severe than was at first anticipated. On the evening of the 11th Ventersvlei—15 miles from Bloemfontein—was reached. The Boers were there holding a position on a range of kopjes commanding the road to Bloemfontein with 12,000 men and 18 guns. Once again however Lord Roberts succeeded in turning their position. During the 12th the British advance was again unopposed. The cavalry division was placed astride the railway, six miles south of Bloemfontein. General French had been directed by Lord Roberts to seize the railway station before dark if possible, and then to secure what rolling stock there might be. In doing this considerable resistance was encountered, and it was not until midnight that the Commander-in-Chief received a report stating that two hills near the railway had at length been occupied. These commanded Bloemfontein. The telegraph line leading northwards was cut, and the railway broken up by Major Hunter Weston, who appears to have made a plucky dash through the Boer lines. Meanwhile the 3rd Cavalry Brigade was called up from Petrusberg, and sent with some mounted infantry to General French. The remainder of the army followed without delay. On the 13th a message from Lord Roberts announced the good tidings that Bloemfontein was in his hands, and that the British flag was flying over the President's house. No resistance whatever appears to have been offered, and the Boer troops had already withdrawn from the neighbourhood. Some two miles outside the town Lord Roberts was met by the Mayor and two members of the late Free State Government, and presented with the keys of the capital. It is significant that the inhabitants themselves gave the British troops a cordial welcome. Some days will probably elapse before Lord Roberts moves again. The troops—especially the horses—require rest after their hard work, and the lines of communications must be consolidated. The only unsatisfactory news comes from Mafeking, which seems to be reduced to a pitiable state. Rumours as to relief by Colonel Plumer in the north are again to hand. But these have more than once proved fallacious.

The course of Lord Roberts' brilliant campaign has throughout been bewildering in its rapidity. But considerable trouble may still be in store for us. Presumably the Free State troops are hopelessly demoralised, and little more organised resistance may be expected from them. But there still remains the Transvaal main army. Moreover even after the Boer armies have been crushed, we may still have to deal with an extensive guerilla campaign. What however—according to Lord Roberts' proclamation—is of more sinister import is the indication that as the campaign advances, the Boers are fighting more like savages than ever. As to the occurrences referred to, there can be no mistake. The Commander-in-Chief himself is a witness. A large quantity of explosive bullets too have been found after each engagement. Such things are much to be deplored, and form a striking contrast to the generous treatment meted out to Cronje and his followers.

## SALISBURY V. HATZFELDT.

THE speeches of Lord Salisbury are often disappointing; his despatches never. Is this due to his early training as a *Saturday Reviewer*? Whatever the cause, there is no doubt of the fact that the Prime Minister is much more effective with his pen than with his tongue. At the opening of the Session Lord Salisbury's speeches in the House of Lords were universally felt to be wanting in dignity and spirit, and to be marked by an apparent failure to grasp the seriousness of the situation. But Lord Salisbury's reply to the German Government on the subject of the seizure and detention of the steamers "Bundesrath" and "General" is a diplomatic masterpiece. We confess that the letters which Count Hatzfeldt thought it becoming to address to Lord Salisbury on this subject, published in the "Times" of Wednesday, surprised us as much as they did the Foreign Secretary. In a despatch which Sir Frank Lascelles is instructed to read to the German Minister for Foreign Affairs Lord Salisbury writes, "I received with some surprise a communication from the representative of a Power with whom Her Majesty's Government believe themselves to be on the most friendly terms worded in so abrupt a manner, and couched in language which imputed to Her Majesty's Naval Commanders that they had shown a disrespect to international law, and placed unnecessary impediments in the way of neutral commerce. There is no foundation for these imputations." Count Hatzfeldt's argument was that British men-of-war had no right to stop and search German steamers bound for Delagoa Bay, however strongly we might suspect that they were carrying contraband to the Transvaal, because Delagoa Bay is a neutral port, and by international law a belligerent is not justified in interfering with trade between neutrals. In support of this position Count Hatzfeldt quoted the view taken by the British Government in 1863 in the case of the "Springbok" and that of our own "Manual of Naval Prize Law." Lord Salisbury had little difficulty in proving, in his despatch to our Ambassador at Berlin, that these precedents do not apply to an inland state, like the Transvaal, whose only means of communication with the sea is by a railway through a neutral state. In other words, goods can only arrive in the Transvaal by Delagoa Bay. The true view, wrote our Foreign Secretary, is that of the "eminent German jurist," Professor Bluntschli, that "if ships or goods are only despatched to a neutral port in order to facilitate their assistance of the enemy, they will be contraband of war and their confiscation will be justifiable." This is excellent, for if the German Ambassador had to be knocked down in argument it was well that the operation should be performed by a German professor. As all this correspondence passed six weeks ago and Europe is not ablaze, we must suppose that the reading of Lord Salisbury's despatch to Count von Bülow has had a sedative effect upon the German Government. Bluntschli and Bloemfontein together have probably persuaded the German Foreign Office that Lord Salisbury is in the right, and that the best thing to do is to take their correction mildly, if not to kiss the rod. We may be quite sure that if Lord Salisbury had not published the correspondence Count von Bülow would not have done so. Fortunately it is before the public, and what is the man in the street to think of the incident, which is now closed? Unquestionably the language of Count Hatzfeldt's letters is "abrupt," not to say arrogant, and their dates are significant. They were written just after the New Year, after Magersfontein, close on the heels of Colenso, when our fortunes were at their lowest, when Count von Bülow was shedding crocodile tears over the fancy spectacle of a great nation bleeding to death. They were also written a few weeks after the German Emperor's reception as an honoured guest at Windsor Castle. Does it not give food to the cynic? What indeed are we to think? That such a work as "the polite letter-writer" does not exist in the German tongue? Or that German friendship cools and warms with success and failure?

## PRO-BOERISM AND PROVOCATION.

THE uses of adversity have been tempered to a sorely tried Opposition by the acquisition of a respectable grievance. It is no small achievement for Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner that his presence has roused so much antipathy as to lead to the destruction of a thousand pounds' worth of plate glass. He and his friends have not been slow to recognise the strategical value of their position and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman eagerly seized the opportunity of posing as the protector of oppressed minorities, a position which he has not hitherto assumed in discussing South African questions. No one will grudge the Leader of the Opposition any satisfaction that is to be derived from discharging his duties in a matter which demands no resort to evasive tactics, though the rôle be a somewhat perfunctory one. In his calmer moments no patriot will seriously maintain that he serves his country best by breaking the heads and the windows of those who utter sentiments which at a critical phase of a bitter struggle were best discussed in a less ostentatious fashion. The objectors think, as Mr. Balfour said, that in no country but England would the open and avowed existence of such a party as that known as "Pro-Boer" or "Stop the War" be permitted at such a time. In Germany these gentry would long since have been under lock and key and in the land of Liberty and Equality the results of any such attempt to hold anti-national meetings during war-time, where the enemy's generals are cheered and the national servants denounced, are too appalling to contemplate. It is highly desirable, however, that the right of free speech should be preserved even though it lead to the slightly farcical conclusion that the armed forces of the country are to be employed to protect speakers who are engaged in attacking the Government and in irritating in every way the feelings of their fellow-subjects.

Intolerance of any kind is of course deplorable to the mind of the philosopher and no harm would be done if the admirers of President Kruger were allowed to meet together and bewail the approaching fall of that misunderstood statesman, but it is not reasonable to express surprise that the man in the street should decline to entertain the philosophic view, and refuse to "hear words of light" as Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner has it. The overwhelming majority of British folk throughout the Empire hold a profound conviction that the war now in progress is a righteous one, that it must be carried to a conclusion and that the Boer Republics as such must cease to exist. They believe that "magnanimity" has been tried and found wanting and that the time has come when once for all an end must be made of an imperium in imperio which has been developing into a grave danger. We are told that we must ignore the past, that no sentiment is to be allowed to obtrude itself into the coming settlement and that we must start with a clean slate. Now considering that sentiment forms the basis of the pro-Boer position, this is a pretty cool demand and to ask that we should ignore the past is singularly unstatesmanlike, for to divorce policy from history is not and never has been the way to arrive at a permanent settlement. These arguments gravely enunciated by highly intelligent opponents of the Government serve to show how hopelessly at sea the friends of the Boers are when they strive to grasp the essential facts of the situation or how disingenuous are the subterfuges to which they have to resort to present their case. Sir Wilfrid Lawson with engaging candour admits this war to be "the most popular" that we ever waged though for the benefit of his own friends he adds that it is the "most unrighteous." The ordinary Englishman, Canadian, and Australian does not believe it to be unrighteous and he therefore resents the abuse of his country and fellow-subjects in which the superior persons who oppose the war continually indulge. His attitude of mind is not philosophical, it is deplorably sentimental but it is distinctly intelligible. No man likes to hear his parents charged by someone who differs from their views with being bribed and corrupt, with inhumanity, and with every mean and contemptible offence especially when he himself believes that they have acted with singular



disregard of their own interests towards the friends of their villifiers. Most of us feel towards our country as towards our parents, and the natural man will probably knock the slanderer down, though the more cynical may shrug his shoulders and cut the acquaintance. We agree with Mr. Balfour that they who call these meetings ought to be careful lest they ask more of human nature than history shows that human nature is capable of giving.

There is nothing new in the existence of an anti-National Party during a great war. We know that there was a strong pro-Midianitish Party among the Chosen People though their suppression was effected by means which are repugnant to modern views. There was a pro-Laconian Party in Athens during the Peloponnesian War and many worthy senators in Carthage shook their heads over the ambition of the Barca family and indeed, with more courage than some of their modern successors, refused to vote supplies for the national forces. There were plenty of Macedonian sympathisers in Athens in the days of Demosthenes, and Charles James Fox and his friends used to rejoice in the news of French victories. Now all these minorities may have had good reasons for their existence but none of them could rightly complain that their fellow-countrymen resented it. The worst of their position is that the minority eventually drift, like Fox and his following, into a position of antagonism to their country for the time being. If her reverses do not actually give them pleasure they afford the opportunity of saying "I told you so," which is so dear to the superior person, and the superior person figures largely in the composition of the anti-war party. We have seen him during the last few months assuming the same irritating attitude which Swift resented among the superior persons of his day. "Some of these gentlemen are employed to shake their heads in proper companies, to doubt where all this will end, to be in mighty pain for the nation, to show how impossible it is that the public credit can be supported, to pray that all may do well, in whatever hands, but very much to doubt that the Pretender be at the bottom." For the Pretender substitute Messrs. Chamberlain and Rhodes and you have the position of the more reasonable section of the minority at the present moment. They dare not openly express chagrin at our successes, but they point little sneers at the Outlanders, suggest doubts as to Boer treachery officially vouched for, ignore expansive bullets on one side and colonial opinion on the other. We have especially admired the ingenuity with which a most ably conducted journal, the "Westminster Gazette," has performed its political egg-dance during the last six months without seriously damaging any of the brittle prejudices among which it treads Agag-like. Not so some of the "chiefs of the new Pharisees." It counts for nothing that the ministers of religion in South Africa are unanimous against the continued existence of the Republics, that nearly all ministers of every denomination here who have visited the country agree with them. We find Canon Scott Holland writing to "dear Dr. Lunn" to express "his profound anxiety at the peril with which our terrible modern finance threatens the free expression of conviction." The Canon's correspondent, who has succeeded in making religion the handmaid of profit with singular skill, may have a pardonable fellow-feeling with President Kruger, but it would give us more satisfaction if the Canon would express his discontent with the singular methods of controversy pursued by Dr. Clark of Caithness. But with our new Pharisees hatred for an individual seems rapidly approaching a condition of mania in which any means are justifiable for his destruction. Compared with this campaign of intolerance, their charge against their fellow-countrymen of corruption and brutality is a mild method of controversy.

#### LABOUR BUREAUX AND THEIR USES.

THE conference of representatives of London local authorities held at the Hackney Town Hall to consider the question of municipal labour bureaux was very well timed. Its promoters deserve credit for originality. We are now in the full tide of trade

prosperity, and it has usually been supposed that labour bureaux were a kind of organisation only required in periods of exceptional distress. That is undoubtedly a wrong view to take of their functions. They ought to become permanent institutions in all the municipalities throughout the country and just now is the very time, as we are glad to see the local authorities are recognising, while trade is good and the matter can be considered without haste and hurry, to urge municipalities to establish them as a part of their regular machinery. If they are left over till hard times are upon us they will be assented to without criticism by the sentimentalist who agrees to anything when a certain amount of distress comes under his notice; and under protest, and the condition that they are only to be temporary, by the surly ratepayer who can only be made to see in them a species of famine relief works. There is all the more need for taking measures now because we have not only to anticipate a reaction from the present good times in the ordinary course but as the usual consequence of war. Trade slackens and thousands of men leave the army for civil life. Our modern system of reserves causes to some extent a disbanding of the fighting forces such as used to take place before the days of standing armies. We have not the same reason for dreading the disbanded soldier as our ancestors had, but even now it is to the interest of the country to bring him back into the industrial system with as little friction as possible both for his own sake and that of the public. There will be a certain shifting of the population. Not every soldier will find his way back to the situation or the locality he left; many in all probability will be desirous of trying a change of occupation, having acquired fresh tastes and fresh habits during their soldiering; and they will be curious to ascertain what are the chances of their coming across new "billets." We hope, though perhaps it is being a little too sanguine, that by the time the war is over there may be more labour bureaux than there are at present to assist them in settling down once more to civil life.

Unfortunately there are not many now to which they could apply. Twenty-five were started in 1892-3—of course in the winter when blankets and soup and coals are given away—and fifteen of them ceased because they were only intended to be temporary. But ten have survived: six of them being in London. Major Baldock showed in his paper that the record of these ten bureaux was very satisfactory, and that a large number of persons had obtained employment through them. The experiment has been made and has been successful, and we share Major Baldock's opinion that there ought to be, instead of ten bureaux, five hundred throughout the country. Every corporation ought to maintain one and when the new borough councils are elected in London we hope that among the first items on their agenda paper will be the establishment of labour bureaux under their control. But something more than this will be necessary. In London the bureaux would have to be co-ordinated under a central exchange or clearing-house which would bring all the separate localities into touch with each other, and inform both employers and employed not only of the state of labour in particular districts but in London as a whole. Major Baldock suggests that the London County Council should maintain this exchange; and what it did for London the Labour Department of the Board of Trade would do for the bureaux throughout the country. There is nothing in such a proposal that should cause the least alarm to the most rigid objector to State interference with industry. It is in fact only an extension of a very useful function which the Government has performed for some years now, the publication and spread of information as to the state of trade and rates of wages and other conditions of labour both at home and abroad through the Labour Department and its organ the "Labour Gazette." It has always been considered that the Government, through the Foreign and Colonial Offices, by Consular and other similar reports, should keep the business community informed as to the changes that go on in the foreign trade of the country. There can be no reason why this useful function should not be extended to home industries. Whatever may be the

dispute as to the part Government should take in controlling them, it seems not to admit of doubt that affording them information can only be productive of good. As far as the municipalities are concerned their establishment of labour bureaux is only going back in one particular to an old state of things when they had an authority and oversight over all trades and industries which they have long since lost; and any tendency to restore the old conditions is in our opinion a healthy one which should be encouraged. There is no question of any interference between employer and employed; and the bureaux are as useful in a sense to the former as the latter. With the difference that as the workman is more likely to be at a disadvantage in placing the only commodity he has to sell—his labour—on the market through his greater lack of information as to industrial conditions, he will perhaps on the whole be the one to benefit the more. But as the Government already insists on his better education, partly that he may be a more effective factor in production, it seems bad policy not to supply him with all the information in its power to prevent him from wasting his time in finding out where his labour can be best employed. We could go beyond the mere supply of information which would enable a man to obtain employment at a particular time and place. The bureau should provide the means by which people might be enabled to study the conditions of their trades, their present state and probable future, and enable them to contrast one trade with another. They would be supplied with information to guide them in selecting trades for their children, and we might thus be spared one of the cruelties of modern life, the overcrowding of many occupations which, as often as not, is the result of ignorance even more than of over-population, which is usually supposed to be the cause. Even the middle classes are often hopelessly ignorant and helpless in these matters, though they have better means of informing themselves than the poor; and Government might be worse engaged than in supplying statistics of the overcrowding of the professions into which middle-class people send their sons, and even perhaps nowadays to a greater extent their daughters. We should suppose indeed that as to the daughters the services of labour bureaux would be especially valuable. However we have no intention of attempting to draw up a scheme to delimit the functions of labour bureaux. We wish only to insist on their desirability as a means for extending our knowledge of industrial conditions whereby the wheels of our industrial system may be made to run more smoothly and with less trouble and suffering not only to individuals but to the community.

#### DIFFICULTIES OF THE WAR.

##### IV.—SMOKELESS POWDER.

AMONGST the many surprises of the war, not alone to us, but also to our foreign critics, few have exercised a greater effect on the nature of the fighting than the adoption of smokeless powder. Some twelve years ago when it became evident that the days of black powder were numbered, all careful students of warfare realised that an entirely new factor was about to be introduced which would eventually bring about untold changes, both in the tactics of the battlefield and in the conduct of many of the minor operations of war. Numerous lectures were given upon the "Probable results of the adoption of smokeless powder on the tactics of the future." Many of these were of undoubted excellence. Sometimes discussions followed and a few particularly keen and practical soldiers evidently realised that in the next war between civilised Powers the use of smokeless powder would bring about startling developments. But the mass of the army, generals, staff and officers with regiments and corps, were apparently content to leave the subject in abeyance until the actual results of war should afford them some guide as to the nature of the changes which it was predicted would be brought about. Our authorities, also, by way of dismissing the subject from further serious consideration, continued for many years to supply our soldiers of the infantry and cavalry

arms with blank black-powder cartridges for use in field training and manœuvres whilst our artillery continued to mark their positions with absolute precision by raising clouds of villainous saltpetre, as in the days of Marlborough. Apparently few troubled their heads as to the possibilities of evil likely to accrue from our war training being thus carried out on such absolutely false principles. And so it came about that the few who had hitherto devoted serious attention to the matter were practically put out of court, since they could not even get a hearing, or point an object-lesson at manœuvres on a topic which was voted to be only yet another "fad."

At the period of the general adoption of smokeless powder, the writer was engaged in training selected non-commissioned officers of cavalry in reconnaissance duties and scouting, and having already had some experience of this class of work both in peace-time and on active service, when black powder was in use, he was not a little exercised on realising that the introduction of smokeless powder would render much of his usual instruction and object-lessons in scouting hopelessly out of date. For it was quite clear that in the future the duties of a scout would be rendered trebly difficult and ten times more risky than heretofore. Also that there would ever be a tendency on the part of men charged with these important duties to curtail them as much as possible and more especially when isolated and not under observation of their superiors. In other words it was obvious that in many cases scouting would be carried out in a very perfunctory manner, due to the natural instinct of self-preservation, which impels most men to avoid running any extra risk without some reasonable incentive to do so.

Never perhaps was theory formed in peace-time more amply proven in presence of the enemy. By a curious turn of fortune's wheel, over ten years later, it fell to the writer once again to take part in the scouting duties of the cavalry and mounted infantry which covered the advance of the British force to the Modder. With the opening shots of the campaign the vast changes brought about by the introduction of smokeless powder became at once evident, and unpleasantly evident, to every private soldier. No longer did we see, as of old, the tiny puffs of smoke which enabled the scout at once to locate his enemy and keep at a reasonably safe distance from him. No longer could we arrive at some idea of the extent of ground occupied by our foe or, by a closer reconnaissance with reinforced patrols, obtain some approximate idea of the numbers who might be in occupation of the ground whence the puffs of smoke formerly came. All was a sealed book to us and more than ever sealed, owing to the skilfulness of our enemy in taking cover and not standing about in ornamental groups, as is the habit of so many British officers in action when not actively engaged with their men. Our sole guide as to the direction, distance and strength of our invisible foe was the metallic "tap" of the Mauser rifle—little enough guide in truth in the wide open veldt or amongst the undulating hills and scattered kopjes. It was only as the fire increased and the "swish" of the striking bullets as they hit the hard ground and sent up a spurt of dust and gravel became more frequent that one could form even an approximation of the position of the enemy. Especially helpful was it on such occasions if a couple of bullets were seen by chance to strike the earth on the same alignment, for then the direction of the foe could usually be fixed with accuracy, but even then, we were often at a loss to ascertain the distance of the spot whence the bullets were fired. And now came the time when our gallant fellows showed that stoutness of heart and determination to carry out their duties at all risks, which has ever filled me with admiration, as I witnessed it when working with our cavalry. After the first few shots our patrols would open out to a considerable interval and push on towards the hills whence the "tap-tapping" was judged to proceed, nor would they be satisfied until they could ascertain the whereabouts and strength of the enemy with reasonable accuracy. What this sort of work means to the individual concerned must be experienced to be properly realised. Probably he is crossing some open portion of the veldt with low undulating ridges extending below some



isolated kopjes to his front and flank. Somewhere on these, he *believes* to his front, somebody is shooting at him with intent to kill; he hears the repeated "tap" "tap" and now again sees the dust knocked up as a bullet strikes to his front. Soon perhaps, one hits the scrub alongside him—it is evident that his unseen enemy has got the range of his target and that he is in for a "warm time" of it. Still he goes on, for he has yet nothing more to report beyond the fact that he has been shot at—a matter of negative interest in such times. Take as an instance a daring Lancer who pushed on despite a dropping fire from his front and flank, determined to carry out his duty to his regiment—the 9th. Armed with a good telescope we followed with the patrol whence he with the rest of the scouts had been detached, and from time to time dismounted and strove to make out the whereabouts of our unseen, foe but without success. After some forty or fifty shots had been fired, the Lancer fell forward in his saddle clutching the mane of his horse, the latter swerving round trotted back to us, the poor fellow keeping his seat until his comrades assisted him to dismount when we found he had been shot right through the body, not bad practice at a moving object at some 600 yards! The rest of the patrol shortly located the enemy—a handful of dismounted Boers extended at wide intervals along a long low spur who had by a skillfully kept up fire, now from one point, now from another, thus hindered the advance of our cavalry scouts. When the squadron advanced subsequently in extended order, the Boers mounted their ponies and rapidly disappeared. Such tactics are almost impossible to deal with, for a bold advance in force may, and on more than one occasion actually did, lead us into an ambush of dismounted Boers amongst some rocks: met thus with such a storm of bullets the only thing to do was to retire at speed—behind the nearest hill that could afford us shelter. Here after reckoning up our casualties in men and horses, we could exchange opinions on the class of critics at home who always want to know why "the cavalry didn't do more"—a glib phrase truly but of no avail to assist cavalry in storming kopjes.

Turning now to the effect of smokeless powder on the infantry in the attack and defence. In attack our men had ever the greatest difficulty in localising their enemy, since no puffs of smoke enabled them approximately to mark their position and thus bring a rifle fire to bear on the rocks behind which they were sheltered. A common saying amongst many officers and men who had fought in all four actions from Belmont onwards was that they had never seen a Boer in action. This although of course somewhat of an overstatement, was in many cases a great deal nearer the truth than many would believe possible. The rough nature of the ground, the skill of the foe in concealing himself, and above all the absence of smoke, made it a matter of extraordinary difficulty to find out whence the storm of bullets came. As is well known, many of the enemy are armed with our Martini-Henry rifle which carries a black-powder cartridge. A common dodge of the Boers was to place the men thus armed in the best protected spots midst crags and in stone *schanjes*, where the smoke from their rifles clearly marked their positions and thus drew the fire both of our artillery and infantry. Meanwhile, others armed with the Mauser were pushed forward or to a flank to hold suitable positions affording cover from our view at least and whence they could fire at us practically unchecked and in consequence with the most deadly precision.

Our extremely heavy losses in the attack were unquestionably due to a great extent to the total absence of the sheltering clouds of smoke which have ever since the introduction of firearms proved of such value and such danger, by turns, to combatants. When the British square was rushed at Abu Klea, an undoubted factor against us was the dense pall of our own smoke, which enveloped us soon after the great charge was launched against us. It was under cover of this that the hordes of savage tribesmen made good their onslaught across some 300 yards of open ground. They who witnessed the supreme moment when through the thick smoke the wild figures of the Dervishes armed with two-edged

swords and broad-bladed spears burst upon our view will best realise what a battle without smoke means.

So clearly visible is an attack nowadays owing to the absence of smoke and the necessity for the attackers to show themselves at short intervals in order to advance, that the defenders have no difficulty in picking off man after man. This of course on the assumption that they can use their rifles with reasonable effect at "fixed-sight" ranges. It was thus that a section of some fifteen men detached to a flank were all picked off in one of our attacks by our hidden foes.

GREY SCOUT.

### THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

A BUSTLING crowd of recollections, gay and sad with the sadness and gaiety of past time, must be awakened in all old frequenters of the classic House of Molière by the burning down (rendered tragic especially by the death of Mlle. Henriot) of that erstwhile and let us hope still, if in a somewhat diminished form, temple of the best French drama and the best French acting. The minishment, such as it may be, has its origin, let it be said at once, not in any fault in the management of the great House, but in that little rift which was sure to come sooner or later from the time when actresses and actors perceived that they could make more immediate and bigger gains by taking to the "star" system than by clinging close to the traditions of the old theatre. Yet, without too much a praising of past time how can one suppress some sigh of regret for the past days when no player however distinguished or successful thought of forfeiting the assured advantages of being a *sociétaire* for the more immediately remunerative career of a brilliant player travelling about with a company seldom much more than "adequate"?

In the history of the English stage probably no theatre has ever possessed so unique an influence as that of the Théâtre Français, for which the great Napoleon found time during his Russian campaign to draw up the regulations the text of which has not since been altered. "Old Drury" it may be thought before and in the days of Garrick came nearest in importance and in traditions to the Français, but there is of course a great difference between a theatre subsidised by the State and one which is managed entirely by private enterprise. Nor perhaps was Old Drury ever so much the home of interesting observances and traditions kept up by actors both during the performance of a play and at times of rehearsal or visits to the theatre when no performance is going on as is or was the House of Molière. One such observance was particularly impressed upon my memory upon one occasion by an incident in which two *sociétaires* whom I will call M. X. and M. Y. took part. I may premise that although they always met in private life on courteous and friendly enough terms yet there was certainly no great sympathy between them, as indeed there could not well be. M. X. was a devotee of good tradition, and a special cultivator of all the amenities of life, while M. Y. was—well, was *not*. M. X. had taken me to inspect, for the first time by daylight, the stage of the theatre with all its concomitant appliances. As we passed from the wing to the stage itself M. X. ceremoniously uncovered, an act which I was, naturally, beginning to imitate when M. Y. came up in our track with a curt good morning and was stepping on to the stage with his hat on when M. X., seizing the opportunity of my hand not having yet made its way to my hat, said to me "You will note, my dear friend, that it is an old custom among us of the Comédie Française never to set foot on the stage without uncovering save when we have to make an entrance in a play with our hats on." M. Y. took the hint, in which there may well have been a little touch of *malice*, quickly and graciously enough. And surely the custom was in itself both gracious and graceful. In mechanical and other ways the stage of the Français was at that time unlike the stage of any theatre in London, with the one exception that Fechter had introduced some of the methods followed at the Français and at other Parisian theatres on to the stage which he had made for himself at the Lyceum. Some of these methods are now to be found in use at London

theatres, but not, I think, all. The way in which "built-up" scenes are managed is for instance different in some important respects from that adopted in London. To go into this matter in any detail would involve all kinds of technicalities of stage carpentry and people who would like to know how "they order these matters" in great French theatres may be referred to the excellent volume by M. Georges Moynet entitled "Trucs et Décors" (Paris: A la Librairie Illustrée). In the wings at the back of the stage was a curious piece of furniture entirely new to me. It looked more or less like a miniature railway carriage without the door and window and was in fact a tiny room open in front, comfortably upholstered to seat two or three people and running easily over the boards on castors or small wheels; its object was to provide a pleasant place for players who when they had made an exit and were waiting for their next entrance preferred occupying this ingenious movable room to going up to their dressing rooms and coming down again. Another point which struck me was an instance of the minute attention to detail observed by every member of the Company, *sociétaire* or *pensionnaire*. The particular illustration of this dealt with the management and control of the voice. The French stage as many readers will know is divided up into *plans*, corresponding more or less to the *grooves* of old-fashioned English theatres. My informant on this occasion, an accomplished and brilliant actor if ever there was one, showed me exactly how the voice had to be managed, in every kind of modulation from a defiance hurled at a foe to a whisper, caressing or horror-stricken, in each separate *plan*, from that nearest to the footlights up to the one at the very limit of the scene up the stage. As the actor was remarkable among other things for the beauty and compass of his speaking voice (oddly enough he could not sing a note and when a song occurred in a part of his had to speak it in a kind of chant) the illustration was a practical lesson that could not be forgotten.

There were other observances and customs that left a mark on remembrance. As a comparatively trivial, and yet significant, matter, if one wished to visit a friend-actor in his *loge* between the acts or when he had a long "wait," all that had to be done was to approach the be-chained official who guarded the door between the public and the artists and to say "May I pay a visit to M. So-and-so?" No questions were asked. It was understood that no one who had not been given the entrée to that particular *loge* would dare to make such a request. Indeed, the imagination reels before the picture of what might have happened if a too daring foreigner had tried to *forcer la consigne*. Then again there was the *foyer des artistes*, a kind of sublimation of the old English "green-room." Are there any "green-rooms" in London now? One has seen them in first-rate theatres employed as a sort of lumber-room for the property-master. Yet in Garrick's time and later there were London green-rooms which served, as did the *foyer des artistes* at the Français, as a friendly meeting-place for the artists themselves, and for such privileged friends from foreign shores as made their appearance there under the wing of players whose reputation and standing were a very ægis to the shy newcomer.

All these things one knew well in a consulship too long gone by, and one may suppose that when the new theatre is built M. Claretie will be careful to preserve so far as is possible the best of the old traditions.

The first visit of the Comédie Française—or rather of fifteen of its most distinguished members to London—was memorable in many ways. It was altogether an exceptional event, due to the practical closing of the House of Molière in consequence of the Franco-Prussian War. There was no "puffery" beforehand about the visit, which was announced in the simplest tone and terms.

The theatre where these fifteen admirable players found a temporary abode was the *Opéra Comique*, at that time neither the most accessible nor the most comfortable of London theatres, with a stage which compared with that of the Français was cabined, cribbed, confined. The play-going public of London was a little slow in realising that an exceptional opportunity was before them of seeing the most finished acting of many

of the plays best worth seeing included in the repertory of the great comedians. When, not too soon, but soon enough to make the visit (which was under the guidance of M. Got) a real success, the importance of the chance was realised there was a great reaction accompanied by some curious but at that time very natural misapprehension. The fact that the company was represented by only fifteen members made it a matter of necessity that small parts should constantly be assumed by great actors. The result was a series of performances probably never equalled, certainly never surpassed, in absolute completeness and finish. It was for a time supposed that it was a matter of habit at the Français for an actor of the very first rank to take, for instance, so small a part as that of a dancing master filled, in one of Musset's plays, by M. Coquelin (*ainé*). This and similar occurrences gave what was a false impression as to the methods pursued by the Français artists in their own house, where to be sure no part is ever poorly filled as a rule, but where there are plenty of aspirants who are more than adequate to represent the smaller characters. In the same way it was imagined that such exceptional cases as that of Macready on one occasion playing the ghost in *Hamlet* were the rule at the *Théâtre Français*. I well remember hearing from an old friend who sat at dinner next to one of the most distinguished of that remarkable troop of fifteen players how he was disappointed out of his dream of perfect comradeship between all the members of the Company. The actor, pleased to find a fellow-guest who knew French and the French stage as well as an Englishman possibly can, confided to his neighbour an ambition which he had to play a particular part assigned by irrevocable tradition to another equally distinguished actor. The Englishman asked why he did not request permission to attempt the part on some special occasion. "The harmony which characterises all your proceedings surely allows such an arrangement." The answer, startling to my friend, can be far best given in the actual words employed, which were these: "Moi, demander un service à ces camarades-là! Merci!!" It is but fair to say that so overt a confession of the jealousies which are too often, falsely, supposed to be particular to the profession of the stage was as unusual as the occasion which happened to provoke it.

Whatever mistaken impressions may have been created by this first visit to London, and later by a second visit to the Gaiety Theatre of an almost full company, carried through in the teeth of gloomy forebodings by the dash and energy of the indomitable Mr. Hollingshead, one fact remains as a permanent record of an, at first, unexpected opportunity. That fact is that the then almost unique character of the performances gave English managers and actor-managers an impetus towards making their own productions as complete in cast, in stage-management, in every little detail, as was within the power of the utmost managerial trouble and ingenuity.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

#### HACKNEYS AND THOROUGHBREDS.

LAST week the favourers of the Hackney horse were admiring their high-steppers, whether of the Norfolk or Yorkshire strain, and for four days this week the attraction has been the hunter and general utility horse—the sort of animal which can carry his master to hounds three days a fortnight and take an occasional holiday in the dogcart. The Hackney Show was in every way a success, as was that promoted on Tuesday last by the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, by the Hunters' Improvement and Polo Pony Societies on the three following days. Horse Shows which appeal chiefly to breeders, as do those of the last three weeks, should possess special interest for us just now when horses almost ad libitum are required for the seat of war; yet somehow or other opportunities seem to be neglected, and at least a certain amount of the money spent by the different breed societies appears to be more or less wasted. When the Irish Commission on Horse Breeding held some sittings at the Royal Agricultural



Society's premises in London, one dealer after another went into the witness chair to declare that he could not find high-class horses in England; yet on Tuesday last twenty-nine Queen's Premiums worth £150 each were awarded. Nor do matters appear to be very much better in harness-horse circles. London is full of three-year-old German horses, which of course are not fitted for work, and it is common knowledge that we do not breed nearly as many high-class carriage-horses as we require. There is always the market for them but the supply runs short. There were plenty of Hackneys last week; but to most people it seems that there are too many stallions. The last volume of the Hackney Stud Book shows that somewhere about nine hundred Hackneys changed hands in the course of the year, and nearly a hundred and twenty of them were stallions which went from one owner to another in Great Britain, while upwards of seven hundred mares have changed hands. This should mean four or five hundred Hackneys bred in the course of the year and the question arises what becomes of them? Some of course will be "our failures;" but of the residue there should be a number of horses good enough (in time) to pass on to carriage-owners who want showy horses for Park work. The foreign trade does not appear to have been so brisk, as only some hundred horses have been shipped, though consignments have been made to all parts of the globe.

It must ever remain a puzzle to thinking people why it is that England which has supplied the rest of the world with horses of all breeds cannot rear enough for her own use. One reason no doubt is that we have always been too willing to sell our best mares and are now paying the penalty for this penny wise and pound foolish policy; but why with so many Hackneys in the country London alone should be full of foreign carriage-horses needs a good deal of explanation. Breeders like Sir Gilbert Greenall, Mr. Galbraith, Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. Livesey, Mr. Buttle and others who won at Islington have done much for the breeding of Hackneys, and with so many stallions and mares in the country it is not easy to understand why the supply of stepping harness-horses is not greater. The Royal Commission on Horse Breeding has on the whole played its part well. It has learned by experience and its regulations are now sufficient to ensure good horses travelling the country, and the winners on Tuesday last are good enough to enable tenant-farmers to breed a useful stamp of horse. The Hunters' Improvement Society's part of the show went to prove that good horses can be bred, but not from any undersized, coarse, worn-out mare the breeder may happen to possess. On Wednesday and Thursday several classes of mares were seen in the ring, and many of them appeared suitable enough for breeding hunters of the highest class. Since the Hunters' Improvement Society has published its Register it has been possible to learn how sundry mares are bred and to what horse they have gone, and this should render the breeding of hunters a less risky business than it once was. Opinions are to a certain extent divided as to how far mares when put to a good horse throw back to some former union; but there is not the slightest doubt that in many cases it does happen. The mares registered in the Society's book all go to good horses, so there is less danger of throwing back to some undesirable strain, while the mares are now being bred more on the lines of a type than was formerly the case, mares, that is to say, which are registered. Many of our half-bred mares are such composite animals with so many different strains of blood in them that the progeny by a blood-horse may bear some strong resemblance to a cart-horse. Many of the mares seen at the Agricultural Hall this week, however, are or will be registered and should succeed at the stud.

What kind of hunters or chargers the registered mares can breed was shown in the male, as well as in the female, classes, and there were some very excellent horses in the light, medium and heavy classes. The Polo Pony Society has now joined hands with the Hunters' Improvement Society for the purpose of a Spring Show, and was a feature of the exhibition; while last week a great many ponies were seen at the Hackney Show. The two types, however, were essentially different, for

while the Polo men seek to encourage the breeding of the saddle pony, the Hackney Society busies itself with the pony suitable for harness purposes, a miniature Hackney in fact. For both classes there is a brisk demand. Carriage-builders are constantly bringing out new patterns of small vehicles suitable for miniature steeds, which must have action, while the pony classes at shows are yearly becoming more in favour; consequently a pony with first-rate action is valuable as a show animal. Polo, too, is extending, and ponies not exceeding fourteen hands two inches are much in request. It is not every pony which will sell for polo; some may be too big; others may be too slow; but now that there is a disposition to increase our mounted infantry, a better market will be open to such as will not do for polo. The present demand for horses should certainly stimulate horse-breeding; but the rank and file of our breeders should assuredly abandon the happy-go-lucky system which is too prevalent. The shows of the last two weeks have proved that there are a large number of breeders of riding and driving horses who take pains in the production of the stamp they may happen to fancy, and there is no reason why others should not rear stock equally as good.

#### THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

THE Oxford and Cambridge crews enter upon their last fortnight's practice on Monday, and by most of those who have had the advantage of seeing them both at work the result of the race is already looked upon as a foregone conclusion. It is never really safe to prophesy about the Boat Race until the last few days, when both crews have got thoroughly accustomed to the turbulent waters of the tideway, but it is not easy to see at present how even such a coach as Mr. D. H. McLean can hope to raise the Oxford crew to that high standard of excellence to which Cambridge promise to attain, in the short time at his disposal. However, a great many things may happen in a fortnight, and it is perhaps safer to confine one's attention to a comparison of the present merits of the two crews rather than to a speculation as to what their respective merits will be on the 31st of this month. Cambridge have five of last year's crew rowing and the three new men have all had some considerable experience at Henley and elsewhere. Early in practice Mr. C. J. D. Goldie, the President, was forbidden by his doctor to take part in the race. Although he has twice acquitted himself very creditably over the Putney course the loss to the crew was not irreparable as they had plenty of good material to fall back upon, and his retirement probably had some effect upon Mr. Etherington Smith (last year's President) who had not then made up his mind whether to row again or not. At a later period Mr. Chapman resigned the bow thwart to accompany his Militia to South Africa, and although an efficient substitute was at once found, the change could not fail to prove detrimental to the pace of the crew, for Mr. Chapman was one of the best workers for his weight that has ever rowed at Putney and no course seemed long enough to exhaust his staying powers.

Before they came to Putney the crew practised for a week on the Bourne End reach, when they were the guests of Colonel F. C. Ricardo at Cookham. Their swing is very even for this stage of practice although it is not altogether faultless, and the sliding is on the whole good. The leg and body work is well combined and the stroke is well held out to the finish. At times they get considerable pace on the boat, but not always, and the fault to which this is due lies in the beginning. The blades are not covered soon enough, nor do the men apply their full strength the moment their oars are in the water, and thus there is at times a certain deadness in their rowing which prevents them from getting that pace on their boat which one would expect from so uniform a crew. Mr. Gibbon (stroke) is rowing better than last year. He is setting a steadier and more regular stroke and giving the big men behind him more time at the finish. Mr. Dudley Ward, who was elected president when Mr. Goldie retired, makes a capital number seven, keeping very fair time and working well. Mr. Saunderson (6) is hardly rowing so

well as last year. He appears to check his swing back, and holds his hands too close together, with the result that his finish is clumsy and is not held out so firmly as it should be. Mr. R. B. Etherington Smith is probably the hardest worker in either boat. He has a curious trick of throwing back his head which gives him the appearance of swinging too far back, but if his shoulders are carefully watched it is apparent that this is not so. He swings well forward, uses his legs and body simultaneously and altogether is an invaluable member of the crew. Mr. Payne (4) has not made any very marked improvement upon his last year's form. He works well at first but falls off towards the end of the course. This is not due to any lack of stamina but to the fact that he is inclined to kick his slide away and rely too much on his arms to finish the stroke. Mr. Brooke (3) rows with considerable vigour and is a good stayer but his form is hardly up to that of the five stern oars. Mr. Adie (2) is at present the weak spot in the crew. His blade flies up on the feather, he misses the beginning, and his work is not effective. The high standard of the others undoubtedly makes these defects in Mr. Adie's oarsmanship more prominent than they otherwise would be, and he doubtless has merits which are not patent at first sight and which influenced the President in his choice. Mr. Cockerell makes a very fair bow. His work is not so good as that of Mr. Chapman, whose seat he occupies, but he is well up to the average of Varsity bows and has always raced well.

Oxford have had a series of misfortunes. In the first place Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher who was to coach them went to the front with the Imperial Yeomanry. His fame as a coach is world-wide; and he was the very man to drill a great strong clumsy lot of men into Varsity form. Then Mr. Hale, who rowed 4 last year, and had since shown some promise, was declared physically unfit to stand the training. Finally Mr. Warre, the President, was laid low with a mild attack of scarlatina just three weeks before the race. To a good crew of excellent watermen this would be a serious loss, but for a very rough crew of strong but somewhat clumsy men to lose their most experienced, strongest and steadiest man at such a time was most disheartening. They have however made the very best of a bad job. Mr. Tomkinson was moved from "two" to "four" and Mr. Culme-Seymour who rowed with success as stroke of New College Torpid earlier in the term was installed at "two." The crew are very rough, the watermanship is indifferent and the time is not good, but they have one merit and that is a great one. When they extend themselves at full pressure they work really hard and well. Their work is not consistently good for at times they get more unsteady than usual and lose their form entirely, but at times when they break from a paddle into a row they travel very fast, and if they continue to improve during the next fortnight, they may prove a harder nut to crack than the supporters of Cambridge anticipate. On present form there can be no doubt that Cambridge are very much the better lot of the two, although the collective efforts of the Oxford men are more successful than an analysis of the merits and demerits of its individual members would lead one to suppose. Mr. Rowley's chief fault is that he is not long enough at the finish, he is inclined to hurry forward and to cover his blade insufficiently, but he works hard and keeps his men going all the way. Mr. Thornhill is not a very satisfactory "seven." His swing is not uniform with that of stroke and his time is not very accurate. Mr. Kittermaster (6) has the distinction of being the biggest man who has rowed in a University crew in modern times. The weight of Mr. Toogood who rowed for Oxford in the first race (1829) is given at 14 st. 10 lbs. but the evidence on this point has always been considered rather shaky. Mr. Kittermaster who weighs 14 st. 3 lbs. has a very long reach, and is very strong. At the beginning of practice it was hardly thought possible that he could improve sufficiently to justify his retention in the crew, but he has come on wonderfully and although he is still rough and somewhat irregular he rows with great power when he does get a firm hold of the water. Mr. Tomkinson (4) is not a brilliant oar

but he is rowing better than he did a year ago and is an honest worker. Mr. Johnston (3) is rather an ineffective man for his size and his swing forward is short. Number "two" Mr. Culme-Seymour has only been in the crew for a few days and has hardly settled down yet. Mr. Etherington Smith is but a moderate performer at "bow." He is a younger brother of the Cambridge "five." There have been instances of brothers rowing for different universities in different years, and of two brothers rowing in the same crew, but this is the first instance of two brothers rowing against each other. Both crews have their last year's coxswains but Mr. Lloyd has increased considerably in weight.

#### BACH.—II.

OF course one may perfectly enjoy a composer's music without understanding in the least how it came to be written. If, however, one becomes so engrossed in it as to wish to understand how it came to be written, then, as I said in the first part of this article, one must know a good deal of what had been done by the composer's forerunners and was being done by his contemporaries. For one cannot help being filled with amazement when one considers how little, as well as how much, is done by the tip-top men in any school of art. In literature, painting, music, in all the arts, the rule is everlastingly the same: the men who when they create anything of their own display supreme powers seem the most loth to create, and the most ready to make use of the work of others. Although it may seem paradoxical, it is, I think, fair to say that many of the smaller musicians seem to have invented more absolutely of their own than any of the great ones. Take Chopin, for example, or Schumann: neither is in the first rank of creative musicians; none of the works of either touch the greatest works of the first-rank men; yet what a large proportion of the work of both is quite unlike anything that had been done before or was being done at the time. The greatest men unblushingly "lift" whatever they happen to want; and thus besides enriching the world with marvellous art-works they provide employment for the thousands of commentators who come after them and devote their days to showing how and why the great men are not in reality so great as many imagine them to be. What the commentators miss is this: that the same power which enables the supreme artists to invent finer things than were invented in their schools before them enables them also to make the finest possible use of the work of their predecessors or contemporaries, to achieve more than their predecessors or contemporaries could achieve with the material. The truth is that plagiarism matters nothing. Everyone plagiarises. You cannot call a cab or order a chop without plagiarising. If in art the result of the plagiarism is nothing, or commonplace, or utterly bad, the plagiarist and his theft are soon forgotten; while if it is something finer than the things plagiarised it is remembered. But if it is finer, we cannot say "Here is a stolen thing," for the very quality that makes it memorable is obviously not stolen, but due to a distinctive gift of the plagiarist. It is this distinctive gift, this unique power, that condones the thefts (if indeed they need condoning) of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner, all of whom "lifted" an immense amount of stuff, principally in the shape of themes, from other musicians; and it is the same thing that justifies Bach in the enormous use he made of the work of his artistic ancestors and fellows. As I have just said, if one is amazed to find how much the big men stole, one is amazed also to find how much they added. At the very least they added the touch that no one else could give—to repeat the old tag, they picked up pebbles and left diamonds; or at least set the diamonds they picked up as no one else could have set them.

Bach, then, came along and quietly annexed all that the musicians of his time had done. It is, I think, not too much to say that he did not invent a single form. When he arrived there were preludes and fugues in existence, chorales arranged for the organ or chorus on the same plan as he afterwards adopted, sonatas and suites, cantatas and Passions. There was the immense



mass of chorale melody to which I referred last week, and a mode of treating it, a technique; there was that other immense mass of formal melodic outlines calculated to work easily and effectively in fugue. Composers had mastered the arithmetical side of music and got a little weary of it, and were hunting for a mode of making it expressive. Before seeing how Bach solved the problem, it will help us if we refer for a moment to Handel and the way he solved it. His earliest music is entirely forgotten; and it was not until he went to Italy that he began to qualify for the first rank of composers. He learnt the trick of Italian vocal melody and beat the Italians at it. Then he came to England and learnt from Purcell's music how to write effectively for the chorus. He took not only Purcell's themes, but his forms and his methods. His picturesque manner of writing came clean out of Purcell, his way of hurling great masses of choral tone at his audience also. When we claim Handel as an Englishman we are more in the right than we perhaps think. All he brought from Germany was a consummate contrapuntal technique which enabled him to use Purcell's themes, methods and forms far more effectively, and on a far huger scale, than Purcell himself had been able to do. Now let us contrast Bach. He never went out of Germany; he adopted nothing from Italy, France or England; he remained inside the German contrapuntal school and from inside put something into its music that had not been there. He brought to the task probably the most wonderful musical brain the world has seen. In his earlier works one can see where the technical problem has sometimes been too much for him to solve with absolute ease and mastery; but during his period of maturity the arithmetical side of music cannot have presented to him anything approaching a difficulty. Intuitively he seems to have solved every contrapuntal puzzle—almost without the trouble of taking thought. Spitta quite sagely points out how he poured out music not as other men do, by taking thought and exerting the will, but as a volcano pours out lava; and we must remember that this music besides being expressive has a mathematical side as difficult for the ordinary mind to work out as a long series of quadratic equations. He must have thought in music; had he been an idiot I believe he would still have gone on writing music. But he had a great deal more than this technical facility in weaving his musical web. He had as splendid an architectonic sense as any musician who has lived. He saw how the forms in common use in his day might be enlarged, how importance and significance could be given to parts previously treated carelessly. For instance, when he expanded the episodes of the fugue, making them vital, integral parts of the web of tone, instead of mere opportunities for the organist or clavecinist to rest, he did a work as important as that of Beethoven when he dismissed the old formal passages used by Haydn and Mozart to lead from section to section of a symphony and wrote genuine music in their place. Out of some of the old fugues you may easily omit an episode or two, and the most alert hearer would miss nothing; you could skip many bars of the clatter of trumpets and drums leading to the close which prepared for the entry of the second subject in many a Haydn symphony; but you may omit nothing from a Beethoven symphony, nothing from a Bach fugue, without the break being felt immediately even by one who had never heard symphony or fugue before. Bach enlarged the chorale form in the same way, though there was not so much to be done there as in the fugue. He wrote huger choruses than had been previously written, he secured finer effects by consummate arrangements of his masses of sound, he put greater life into the music by insisting on rhythm and movement in every part. Then, again, in his harmony he went right ahead of his time. His harmony is not only as advanced as anything in Wagner, but is not likely to be overtaken for a century or two yet. Above all, he had a keen sense of beauty and never wrote the ugly thing; and he had something to say and found a mode of saying it. Although he was an organist and wrote an immense quantity of organ music, he knew the value of the human voice, and through his knowledge of the human voice he discovered how to write expressive music. He simply took the formal melodic outlines of

his day, designed entirely for contrapuntal use, and modified them so that they became easy to sing and when sung were enormously expressive. It is rather difficult to describe in what this modification precisely consists; but one has only to listen to a passage out of a Bach organ fugue and compare it with a similar passage—a passage which may, if you like, seem at the first glance nearly identical—out of the work of some other man of his day to feel what a change has been made. When one looks carelessly at his music it appears much the same kind of thing as was written by other excellent eighteenth-century capellmeisters, just as in a phonograph the cylinder which carries the record of a Beethoven symphony probably appears much the same as a cylinder carrying the most villainous tune in, say, the "Belle of New York," but when the two things are played there is a stupendous difference to be recognised immediately. I know it is often said that Bach's music is difficult and ruinous to the voice. Greater nonsense was never talked. Difficult it frequently is, but no music is better adapted to the voice, and none could injure the voice less. It is derived from the voice, from the tones of the voice under pressure of an emotion. Not only are Bach's recitatives expressive, but nearly every passage he ever wrote. The most florid passages in his airs mean something; they are never there simply as ornament. It follows of course that they ought to be sung expressively, and not romped over as mere voice-training—or rather, I suppose it will be said, voice-breaking—exercises, which is the favourite fashion at the Bach Choir's concerts and elsewhere.

The truth, however, is that many people find nothing but exercises, mere counterpoint, in Bach mainly because the emotional content either does not appeal to them or actually repels them. There is no sunshine in Bach's music; nothing of the breezy freshness, the sense of trees and green grass, or the sea, or the free open air, that we find in Handel and his master Purcell. (Let no one imagine that I don't know Purcell was dead before Handel came to England.) In Bach there is always a cloister gloom; even when he chooses to be merry, he is merry gravely, as one who jokes in a graveyard. His music is penetrated with sadness: not the passionate regret of Beethoven and Mozart: it is something more hopeless, or at any rate more resigned, than that. There are moments of ecstasy, even of erotic ecstasy, as in the last chorale of "Wachet auf," just as there are moments of acute pain and suffering almost beyond endurance; but for the most part we hear that undertone of sorrow, we have a sense of that ache and craving for a satisfaction that will never be found. For this quality in his music his century is partly responsible, but also his religion, and the life he led. Was ever a life so lived before or since? He must have divided his time between his church duties, his school work and his composition. He must always have been in church or in some small-windowed, dark, ill-ventilated room. I sometimes wonder whether he ever went for a walk. If he did it is not recorded. One reads of his going to the local café sometimes, but it was to direct a musical society. No man can lead such a life and preserve perfect physical and mental health. Luckily Bach was constitutionally strong and healthy. No manlier composer has lived. His astonishing intellectual energy probably kept off some of the deadly effects that would certainly have ensued had a weaker or lazier man lived as he did. And, after all, there is a great deal of his music in which the sadness and sorrow are only whispered, faintly, as from afar, and they who have no sympathy with that still small voice need think only of the beauty and splendour of the music. The man or woman who finds absolutely nothing in Bach, not merely to admire, but to love, is fit only for treasons, stratagems and spoils and ought to join the Lord's Day Observance Society or some other body which exists to destroy the loveliness and interest and colour of life. He, above all others, is the musician's musician. He wrote the finest music ever composed for the clavichord; and played on the clavichord there is no finer music in the world; he wrote the finest church-music composed since the polyphonic school finished its work; he not only wrote the noblest, most

gorgeous organ-music in existence, but positively left nothing for organ composers to do after him. There has been no genuine organ-music since his death, the nearest approach being Mendelssohn's, which is not absolute organ-music. He left behind him such a vast quantity of music of the very first quality, he did so much to make modern music possible, that one almost feels that it was worth the sacrifice of his life to accomplish so much. He is not only in the first rank of composers; he stands with Homer, Shakespeare, Mozart, Beethoven; he is amongst the few who mounted so high because they knew how to compress into their work the work of a thousand other men and to add the magical touch that made the music unique and of incalculable value.

J. F. R.

#### AT THE ADELPHI.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING, with deft fingers, has been retrimming the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. He has ripped off the riband of "thrice gory tartan," and sown on a twist of diaphanous chiffon (*coulour de white wash*). With dainty knots of artificial buttercups and daisies he has softened the grim outline of the original article, and with plumage of the bird of Paradise he has (in milliner's jargon) added delightful charm to the ensemble. Insomuch that Bonnie Dundee, *alias* John Graham of Claverhouse, *alias* Mr. Robert Taber, may flaunt himself before the public without fear of being hissed. Don Juan himself, at the Prince of Wales', is not kindlier, sweeter, more humanitarian, than he. One feels sure that at all the quiet tea-parties in Dumfries and Annandale he must have been welcomed as an exceedingly nice young man. It is quite obvious that he would not hurt a Covenanter. In a word, he is "sympathetic." Thus the actor is satisfied. So is the public. So (I had almost said) are the dramatic critics. But they are not. The play being produced on Saturday night, they were enabled to dip into biographical dictionaries before writing their notices. Consequently, they have been down on Master Laurence like a thousand of bricks. He has tampered with history! He has taken a well-known character out of history and distorted him in a way which would bring a blush to the ingenuous cheek of Macaulay's schoolboy! He has degraded the sacred cause of historic melodrama! Away with him! Well! I myself have been dipping into a Biographical Dictionary; but I cannot get up any great indignation against Master Laurence. If I had known enough about Claverhouse to be independent of a book of reference—if he had been to me as clear a figure as (say) Don Juan, then, of course, indignation would have come quite easy. But on the first night I had only the dimmest recollection who Claverhouse was, and I was quite ready to accept any version of him. Since I left school, Scotch History is one of the subjects which I have dropped. It always depressed me very much. I go so far as to suspect that it depresses everyone else—even Scotchmen. True, there are a few Scotchmen who piously parade a *penchant* for it. Mr. Andrew Lang continues to speculate, *passim*, whether David McHob may not really have been a foster-brother of Angus McNob, and whether some of the letters ascribed to him may not really have been written by no less a person than Jamie McChittabob. But even Mr. Lang strikes me less as being possessed with a passion for the light than as having contracted long ago a (quite harmless) literary habit of which he cannot break himself. However, this impression may be due merely to the saving grace of Mr. Lang's Oxford manner. Possibly, some people really do care about the Scottish Jacobites. There are the members of the White Rose League: they seem to care. I remember that I had the pleasure of dining with them some years ago; and that after dinner, with some emotion, I drained a bumper to "The Queen" without the slightest suspicion that I was committing myself to the cause of an Hungarian Princess named Marie. It was only from the subsequent speeches that I learnt what I had done, and I was so much alarmed that I lost the opportunity of picking up a little Jacobite lore. I remember vaguely that Claverhouse's name recurred several times. Had I been in a receptive mood during those

speeches, I might have been indignant at the Adelphi last Saturday evening. As it was, I went quite ready to accept any version of Claverhouse which would not offend my sense of psychology and would satisfy my sense of drama. So I will write of Mr. Irving's play as though it had no connexion with history.

If Mr. Irving had made Claverhouse a mild man with a mild past, or a ferocious man with a past to match, I should have been quite happy. But Mr. Irving's hero is a mild man with a ferocious past. His hands have been steeped in gore, but are quite immaculate now. He is going to be married. While he waits outside the church he gives various proofs of his regeneration. A small boy (in a kilt and chestnut-coloured tights) comes on the scene. The villain strikes him. Claverhouse is very angry with the villain. He questions the child about his home—"Come! Tell us all about it!" The child tells him all about the ill treatment which he undergoes, concluding with an apostrophe—"Oh, the happy, happy people in the deep, deep grave!" Doubtless he would cap this Ethiopian sentiment with a clog-dance, did not Claverhouse cut in with an emotional announcement that henceforth he would be responsible for the child's upbringing. The child disposed of, Claverhouse gives further proof of a beautiful nature. A Covenanter, one Alexander Peden, comes on and curses him for having, in the past, brutally done to death one James Brown. Claverhouse, overcome, sinks down on a stone. Peden proceeds to threats of assassination. "Remove that man," says Claverhouse; "but—do him no violence." And so forth, throughout the play. Now, since Mr. Irving wished to make his hero entirely sympathetic, why did he throw him against a dark and sanguinary background? Because his hero would be so much the more sympathetic? Perhaps. But when a wicked man becomes good, we demand to know how the reformation is brought about. Some kind of explanation is needed. Mr. Irving does not seem equal to giving any explanation at all. Consequently, we cannot accept his Claverhouse. Why, then, did he not make his hero mild from the cradle onwards? "Ah," you will conjecture, if you have not seen the play, "because he wished to bring about a terrible catastrophe: the reformed man reaping the whirlwind of crimes long ago committed—the sympathetic character paying for an unsympathetic past." If Mr. Irving had some such idea when he began the play, he very quickly jettisoned it. His hero's sufferings are brought about, not by his sins, but by the quite irrelevant machinations of the villain. The villain wants to marry the hero's wife, and there is a lady who wants to marry the hero. Innuendos, disguises, misunderstandings, ensue. The hero's wife petitions for an annulling of the marriage. She is reconciled to her husband only on the eve of the day of his death. But why should he die at all? Why should he not live happily ever after? If Mr. Irving had him assassinated by Peden, or by some other person who owed him a grudge for his past atrocities, there might be some point in his death. But Mr. Irving insists that he shall die a hero's death in the Pass of Killiecrankie. Of course, it was so that the real Claverhouse died (*see Biographical Dictionary*). But Mr. Irving need not have troubled about that. Having flown so gaily in the face of history by making Claverhouse an angel on earth, he need not have stickled as to the exact means by which the angel was withdrawn to his proper sphere. One wonders why Mr. Irving, in undertaking to write a Jacobite melodrama *saw* the *Biographical Dictionary* at all. If he wanted a sympathetic hero, why not have invented one? If the name of Claverhouse had some mysterious fascination for him, by all means let him give it to his hero. But let him not hamper his conception with a mass of historic facts which he could not harmonise with it. The real Claverhouse was a savage, and Mr. Irving wanted *his* Claverhouse to be a saint. The result is a kind of merman. And mermen never are convincing on the stage. But if Mr. Irving had given history the go-by he could have made his hero both pleasant and possible. Nor would his play have been burdened with a motive of which, up to the last moment, we expect something or other to come.

The play is very well mounted and stage-managed.



For the acting of the two principals I did not much care. The old school of acting is, as I am always pointing out, the only school of acting which suits melodrama. The moment the tone is lowered, we are reminded of the absurdity of the words and of the situations. Fustian must be delivered bombastically, and lurid situations must be gone through with a rush. Mr. Robert Taber is a romantic and poetic actor of the modern school. He is excellent in the portrayal of romantic and poetic emotions, and he is always intelligent. But he has not the dash, the *brio*, the superabundant vigour, which are essential in melodrama. The case of Miss Lena Ashwell is worse. She is not even romantic or poetic, is merely realistic. She has no tricks, no graces, no power of exaggeration. For the best kind of modern plays she is invaluable. For this kind she is disastrous: she shows up the absurdities in no time. Miss Suzanne Sheldon, on the other hand, enters thoroughly into the spirit of the thing: as Anna La Riva, she does all that is required of her, and more. So does Mr. Fulton, as the villain. His stride, and his Satanic smile, are quite admirable. He has, also, the art of infusing deadly significance into the simplest phrases. When he says to an accomplice "Mind your own business!" he says it thus: "MIND" (short pause) "your OWN" (long pause) "business!" This little speech, accompanied by the Satanic smile and by a terrific toss of the cloak, thus really thrills the audience. At any rate, it thrilled me. MAX.

### INSURANCE.

THE Alliance Assurance Company has an excellent account to give of its business during 1899. By common consent last year was supposed to have been a bad one for fire insurance companies, but the losses of the Alliance only amount to 48.4 per cent. of the premiums, which is a singularly low proportion. The expenses account for 34.6 per cent. of the premiums, leaving a balance of 17 per cent. as clear profit on the year's trading. We imagine that very few other fire offices will show anything like so good a record. The life branch has also done well, for although the new business is much less than usual the premium income shows a substantial increase; the claims are much below the average, and the increase in funds is, we believe, larger than it has ever been. There is however one point in the report that strikes us unfavourably. The annuity account is for the first time given separately from the life assurance account, and the expenses of the annuity business, amounting to £952, are charged to the annuity account in addition to the 10 per cent. of the premium income, to which rate for some years past the expenses of the life assurance and annuity business have been limited. The result is that in 1899 the assurance and annuity expenses amount to 10.3 per cent. of the premiums, and if to this we add the proportion of the premiums received during the last valuation period that was paid to the shareholders we have a total expenditure of 14.7 per cent., which is a very different matter from the 10 per cent. at which, on the face of things, the business is managed. As far as we can at present see it is a mistake to debit the policy-holders with the cost of managing the annuity business, and this is what the separation of the assurance and annuity accounts involves. Compared with many other companies the expenditure of the Alliance was already sufficiently high, and to increase it to the detriment of the policy-holders scarcely seems a satisfactory proceeding.

The Atlas, like the Alliance, transacts both life and fire insurance, but its fire record for last year is not nearly so good. The losses amounted to 62.8 per cent. of the premiums, the expenses to 34.4 per cent., leaving a profit on the year's trading of only 2.8 per cent. of the premiums. We should not, however, be surprised to find that the result of the British fire business in 1899 is on the whole no better than the Atlas experience. The fire companies may at least get some consolation out of a bad year by thinking that it provides an effective answer to the advocates of municipal insurance and other theorists, who urge the large profits of fire offices in good years as a reason why

sundry public bodies should be their own insurers. The life department of the Atlas has done well. The volume of new business is nearly up to the average of the last few years, and the expenditure has been slightly reduced. It still amounts, however, to 15 per cent. of the premiums, to which we must add 2.8 per cent. for payments to shareholders, the result being an expenditure of 17.8 per cent. of the premiums, which is a somewhat excessive proportion. The rate of interest yielded by the funds was £3 15s. 10d. per cent., showing the quite exceptional margin of £1 5s. 10d. in excess of the rate now assumed in valuing the liabilities; this balance constitutes a very substantial contribution to surplus. The company has made a valuation of its liabilities up to the end of the year, and has taken the opportunity of strengthening its already strong reserves, while maintaining the rate of bonus declared at the previous valuation.

It will be interesting to learn what amount of the War Loan has been obtained by insurance companies. It is an obviously eligible investment, and many companies doubtless applied for large sums. The largest application we have heard of was one by the Mutual of New York for two millions. We suspect that the application for so large an amount is partly due to the desire to show its English policy-holders that the company intends to hold substantial stakes in this country, of which its new building in Cornhill is one proof among several that might be named. We shall be curious to see whether the pro-Boer tendencies of some of the principal officials of another American office, on which so much adverse comment was recently passed, will prevent that company making any application for "Khakis."

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SCIENCE AT OXFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Merton College, Oxford.

SIR,—My attention has been called to the Preface of Professor Ray Lankester's *Linacre Reports* (Vol. IV.), and to your own comments on the controversial part of it. You there express a wish "to hear what the Colleges have to say on their side." If I comply with this invitation by a general statement of the case, it is solely because I cannot ask you to spare the necessary space for details.

According to Professor Lankester, while the University has at last recognised the claims of Natural Science in its examinations, and has "expended University funds to provide accommodation for its students and teachers," it has received very little encouragement from the Colleges, which "are at the present moment less willing to give a fair place to those sciences than they were thirty years ago." This, he thinks, should be rectified by allotting "a fair proportion" of Scholarships and Fellowships to students of Natural Science. What this "fair proportion" should be, he proceeds to define with scientific accuracy. If the Colleges of Oxford are "to play a truly leading part in the intellectual life and growth of our country," the Natural Sciences ought to be "supported by not less than two-thirds of the endowments at the disposal of the Colleges, whilst one-third only should be apportioned to the subjects comprised under the general terms *Literæ Humaniores* and *Modern History*." He does not consider Mathematics, Law, Theology, or any other school, worthy of mention.

Now, let me say at once that, in rejecting this exorbitant ultimatum, I have more sympathy with Professor Lankester's object than he might expect from one whose own education has been purely literary, and who heartily believes in the College system. Though I appreciate most highly the educational effects of literary culture, yet I acknowledge that Natural Science has two supreme advantages over Literature and most other branches of human knowledge. In the first place, it deals with concrete things, rather than with ideas or words; in the second place, it is constantly progressive. So important do these advantages appear to me, even from the educational point of view, that I should be prepared to assign it a much higher place in the curriculum of Schools and Universities than it

enjoys at present, or than past experience would altogether justify. I should, therefore, be in favour of increasing gradually the number of College Scholarships in Natural Science, and, as promising students of Natural Science became more numerous, I would offer them a larger proportion of College Fellowships.

Having made this concession, I must protest emphatically against the assumption underlying Professor Lankester's whole argument—that Colleges have done pitifully little for Natural Science. What are the facts? That no less than thirteen Professorships of Mathematics and Natural Science are wholly or partially endowed out of College Revenues—several of them with salaries of £900 a year, while additional grants of some £800 or £900 are paid over yearly to Professors, Readers, or Demonstrators in Natural Science, out of funds wholly derived from the contributions of Colleges. Probably, about £10,000 a year of the aggregate income received by Professors and University teachers of Natural Science is drawn from college sources, including the stipends of Fellowships attached by statute to Professorships. This sum of £10,000 represents the annual value of fifty College Fellowships, at the present maximum rate of £200 a year. Even this by no means covers the whole subsidy paid by Colleges for the support of teaching in Natural Science. We must add to it the stipends of "Prize Fellows" elected after examination in Natural Science, of scientific Professors elected to Fellowships spontaneously, and of Tutors in Natural Science engaged by the Colleges at their own expense. These payments, in my own College, absorb the value of nearly eight "Prize Fellowships." I may add that we yearly award a Scholarship of £80 a year, and occasionally an Exhibition, for Natural Science. I do not say that most Colleges do so much to promote this study, and I have already said that I could wish to see it still more largely endowed, but I think I have shown the great injustice of describing it as almost excluded from the distribution of College funds. Notwithstanding the wholesale appropriation of these funds by two commissions to create scientific posts in the University, I maintain, in opposition to Professor Lankester, that sympathy with Natural Science prevails far more widely in Colleges than it did thirty years ago, and that lavish grants of money—such as no other class of teachers would dare to ask—are now constantly made, on the requisition of a scientific Professor, by an Academical body mainly consisting of College Fellows.

The truth is that, having been grievously neglected for many generations, Natural Science has become the spoiled child of the University. Since its revival, nearly fifty years ago, about £150,000 out of University funds has been spent on the new Museum, University Observatory, and the Botanic Garden, besides such costly additions as the Clarendon Laboratory and the new Radcliffe Library, provided out of special benefactions. This is exclusive of very large sums expended on the maintenance of collections, the purchase of cases, and repairs of every kind, and the heavy annual charge for general maintenance, salaries of staff, extra payments to professors, and so forth. Of course, to a man who claims two-thirds of College endowments for Natural Science, a capital expenditure of one or two or three hundred thousands, followed by enormous and ever-increasing annual demands, may appear a mere instalment of the debt to be paid off. But it would be interesting to know whether any other University has ever done half so much for Natural Science, within the same time, out of its own resources.

The real motif of Professor Lankester's attack shows itself in his last paragraph but one.

"The fact is," he says, "that the College endowments are now more largely than ever employed in maintaining a tutorial system which is in itself of small value—if not positively injurious—and necessarily in complete antagonism to the development of the method of study and to the wide range of subjects studied, which distinguish, everywhere but in Oxford, the University from the Preparatory School."

Yes—here we have a summary of the creed which inspires this Preface, and of which the refutation would require a complete treatise. But, as Professor Lankester has concisely stated his conviction, I will

venture to state my own, based on some little study of academical history. I believe the College or tutorial system to be the very lifeblood of the English Universities, and infinitely superior for educational purposes to any professorial system yet adopted. I believe that well-paid Professors have much to learn from ill-paid Tutors in conscientious devotion to duty, being under less effective supervision, and more easily affected by the spirit of sinecurism—to which, however, Professor Lankester did not yield. I believe, lastly, that, if two-thirds of the College Scholarships and Fellowships were allotted to Natural Science, there would be just as much need for a tutorial system as ever, and the hard work of teaching these subjects would be done even more than it now is by College Tutors, whether in College laboratories, or in the Palace of Natural Science known as the University Museum.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE C. BRODRICK,  
Warden of Merton College, Oxford.

[We have especial pleasure in printing this letter from the Warden of Merton, a Saturday Reviewer himself in time past. Without entering into the merits of the controversy as to the part played by Oxford in the teaching of Natural Science, we should view with the greatest regret any supersession of the tutorial by a professorial system at that University.—ED. S. R.]

#### "IT IS NOT WORTH IT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gartmore, Stirling, N.B.

SIR,—It is clearly not worth while for reverend gentlemen from Ohio and laymen from Ann Arbor, Michigan to write in answer to my charges in the spirit which seems to impel them.

A gentleman writing from Ann Arbor affirms "as a citizen of the United States" that the American people have never in word or thought applied the terms "pirates," "oppressors" and "bullies" to the people of the British Isles. No one as far as I know ever said that the "American people" speaking through the mouth of its eagle, had as a whole used those words.

What I said was that those words had been repeatedly used at meetings in the United States at pro-Boer meetings, and had been received with applause.

I can if required send extracts from American papers to Ann Arbor, Michigan. I furthermore stated that a senator in the United States Senate had affirmed that 95 per cent. of the American people was opposed to England in the Anglo-Boer war. It was not I who made the statement, and if required, I can produce the newspaper report naming the Senator. It is most disingenuous to say that all the meetings where England is abused are held by the Irish. But I observe that your correspondent still reserves to himself the right to "denounce the war." That of course is open to him; but whilst denouncing our excursion in South Africa, and the American "trouble" in the Philippines, why does he slur over all mention of the island of Cuba? Surely so pure-minded a patriot cannot find much matter for self-congratulation in that transaction?

I will put two questions to all future American correspondents in this matter.

1. Is it or is it not a fact that a resolution (a catch resolution if you like, but which has never been rescinded) exists on the book of the American Senate, calling for American intervention in the Anglo-Boer War?

2. Is there any responsible American statesman who in public (unpacked) meeting dares to stand up and advocate an alliance between the United States and Great Britain?

Your correspondents all seem to misunderstand my attitude on this question.

It is not that I deprecate the attitude of the United States towards Great Britain in the Anglo-Boer war. That attitude I hold to be natural and a mere carrying out of their traditional policy.

What I deprecate is the foolish policy and base conduct of our statesmen in the Spanish-American war.

That policy has only brought about its natural result as shown in the increased dislike and contempt of England



and the English, manifested by a large section of the American people.—Yours faithfully,

B. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

### A BAD FLOGGING BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club.

SIR,—I do not propose in these few lines to discuss the question of corporal punishment. Indeed I have very great sympathy with that increasing band of reformers who exclaim, Anything rather than prison! For I believe that if pain were capable of measurement, we should see demonstrated that the untold suffering of a long sentence, in the end, exceeds that of the rope, the lash, and perhaps the mediæval mutilations; even as the rainfall of a year passes the volume of the most violent thunderstorm.

Let us suppose that we have determined to flog; useless as the practice may be, and brutalising as it undoubtedly is, to those who have to inflict it.

On whom should the lash descend? Surely by all the fitness of things, upon those who have wilfully caused pain. The parent who whips his boy with a heavy leather strap until he is half killed; the woman who locks a little creature in a cupboard until, in its excess of terror, it is brought out strangled; the fiend who will place a child on a hot stove, and the man who drives in his wife's ribs and smashes her jaw with kicks from heavy boots. If we are to have the cat at all, surely these and, only such as these, should be the kind of candidates for its employment, for I cannot conceive any other justification for this crimson State revenge than acts of most deliberate and studied cruelty.

But what do we find in this Bill which on the 28th is to be presented to the House of Commons?

So far as I can make out, nothing is said about the sort of people just referred to! But we find a number of impulse-acts are to be set apart for flagellation. Now if country squires and legal luminaries would learn a little more of human nature and the past records of crime (they might at least read all the evidence taken by the Departmental Committee which sat in 1895) they would discover that the supposed efficacy of deterrence—that blood-stained foundation for every discarded and existing legal cruelty—is a greatly over-rated thing. We cannot secure certainty or, in many cases, even probability, of conviction, and this fact alone, though there are also others, destroys the sweet simplicity of the deterrence theory.

But I am rather surprised that any legislators should, at this time of day, endeavour to stamp out passion crimes by means of punishment. Impulse-acts, when they are criminal, are nearly always pathological, they do not appeal to the healthy and the sane, and therefore, will never become general. But let it once more be said that crime never has been "stamped out" (no, Sir, garrotting was *not* ended by flogging!) any more than disease, and when it disappears from the community, we shall have to thank social science and just economic laws, and not the gallows or the "triangles."

The other way, the plan of pain, has been tried for a few centuries, and is still being "muddled through" in different parts of the world's surface. Thus in the United States, the crime of rape—in a negro—is avenged with quite unbridled cruelty; a short while ago we all read of a man tied to a stake, into whose staring eyes pepper was carefully rubbed and pressed; and in that sightless agony he died. No doubt before very long, we shall read of another scene of the same kind. Indeed it will generally be found that the ferocity of punishment exactly measures the impotence of the State to cope with a particular offence.

In Australia, rape is capital, and it is also very common. But near at hand we have the usual crop of criminal failures. A few months back a man of 65 was convicted of a series of assaults on little girls and he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. This to a person of that age, means that he will die in the convict ward; poor creature; in mercy to him, and for the protection of others he might at least have been

allowed a speedy death instead of such a weary and protracted one.

Some time before another terrible trial of this sort took place when a man who had spent almost a generation in the convict prisons had, after a few short months of liberty, again been convicted of an impulse-act which to him was probably irresistible; and the judge in passing sentence, wondered how it was that he had not been deterred by two decades of misery. It would be laughable, if it were not pathetic, to see that old deterrence fallacy brought up again and again while the poor victims of mental affliction and State ignorance stand in the dock in mute and helpless testimony to its everlasting failure.

And in the face of all this here is a Bill to increase the severity of the law in those very cases where torture has been tried too long, and tried of course in vain.

Flog the floggers if you will and destroy the more or less insane by all means if they are really dangerous, but against punishment for revenge I make my little protest; it is a crime against humanity.

GEORGE IVES.

### PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. James' Street, S.W., 9 March, 1900.

SIR,—*"Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?"* The Dean of Ripon pleading for Elizabethan Uniformity in his "Times" letter on Prayers for the Dead must amuse those Oxford men, who remember the very irreverent laughter a sometime Canon of Canterbury's and Fellow of Balliol's novel theories on Old and New Testament excited in the quadrangles of Balliol, while if poor Jewel could but return to the world his first idea would be to tell the champion of the new Reformation that the post-Reformation Church (old style) retained the stake for the "old heretics." Then how Jowett (whose Voltairian sneer always caught hardest that strangest product of English soil, the vociferous enthusiast of unbelief) would laugh at it all? An "inverted Scholastic" with a passionate enthusiasm for negations, Dean Fremantle has lost the seat of Jowett to a Scotchman, who is not an "honourable" and positively teaches that Protestantism is far too subjective.

"Dinna let the Canon ken  
Edward Caird's come again."

The ex-theological tutor of Balliol has however taken a wise step in leaving the tents of aggressive Nonconformity (that in spite of the Dean's hospitalities still desires to disendow deans) and the groves of that academic free thought (that dislikes white ties and chokers, be the wearers never so undenominational). Amid the "peeresses" and the "honourable men" of the Protestant campaign he is in touch with those for whom alone he is a possible prophet—they believe in high birth, and have no sense of humour.

BALLIOLENSIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Franconia Road, Clapham Park,  
13 March, 1900.

SIR,—A still more striking prayer for the departed is, I think, the one at the end of the Holy Communion Service where the priest prays that "we, and all Thy whole Church, may obtain remission of our sins, and all other benefits of His Passion."

The "whole Church" obviously cannot be only the faithful now living, but must include the faithful departed, and, as this prayer would teach us, they still stand in need of the prayers of the Church on earth, that the benefits of Christ's Passion which come to us through the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, may be extended to them also.

This is another instance of the fact that the Church of England has not departed from Catholic tradition in her prayers for the departed.

Your obedient servant,

I. E. STROULGER.

## DREGS.

THE fire is out, and spent the warmth thereof,  
 (This is the end of every song man sings!)  
 The golden wine is drunk, the dregs remain,  
 Bitter as wormwood and as salt as pain;  
 And health and hope have gone the way of love  
 Into the drear oblivion of lost things.  
 Ghosts go along with us until the end;  
 This was a mistress, this, perhaps, a friend.  
 With pale, indifferent eyes, we sit and wait  
 For the dropt curtain and the closing gate:  
 This is the end of all the songs man sings.

ERNEST DOWSON.

[From a volume of Mr. Dowson's verse entitled  
 "Decorations" (Leonard Smithers) to be published next  
 week.]

## REVIEWS.

DEAN MILMAN.

"Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of S. Paul's." By  
 his son, Arthur Milman. With Portraits. London:  
 Murray. 1900 16s.

IT was right that there should be some permanent memoir of the historian of Latin Christianity—whose fine hymns, "When our heads" and "Ride on," are likely however to outlive his historical labours—and after two-and-twenty years the usual bloated biography would obviously have been out of place. Not much of Dean Milman's correspondence seems to have survived, considering the eminent people with whom, as Dean of S. Paul's and as a man of letters, he must have been intimate, and some of the letters printed by Mr. Milman are not very interesting. They might have been more attractive had his father taken much part in the hurly-burly of ecclesiastical politics. His weight was thrown steadily on the latitudinarian side, and he was even one of the subscribers, while Dean of S. Paul's, to the Colenso Defence and Testimonial Fund, though he feared that "the man is not well advised, and will bring odium rather than strength to liberal opinions." But Milman was essentially a student rather than an ecclesiastic. He sat however on the Royal Commission to consider the question of relaxing clerical subscription to Church formularies, and displeased the low churchmen by proposing that the clergy should be required to assent to the Prayer Book only and not the Articles. Milman was a fine specimen of the ecclesiastical dignitary, erudite, dignified, courteous, noble-looking, and if he was not everything that a Dean, by the latest standard, ought to be, he at least upheld the reputation of the clerus Anglicanus for learning. At S. Paul's he inaugurated several improvements, especially the abolition (no easy task) of the scandalous twopenny charge for admission to the church and (to the dismay of the Commissioner of Police) the experiment of popular Sunday evening services under the dome—the removal of the screen at the west end of the choir we cannot call an improvement. But he was not in any sense the great ceremonial officer of a cathedral church and, stage-experienced artist though he was, regarded the revival of liturgical pomp and splendour with distrust. It is an example of his rather superficial judgments about things that he ascribed the ritual movement to the consciousness among the younger clergy of their inability to preach, of their threadbare attire, and of their social inferiority. He draws an interesting picture of the accomplished Thirlwall talking Welsh (very bad Welsh, we fear) among his "rude clergy." Indeed there was always something of the Whig exclusive about Milman's mind—witness his irritated remarks about the disturbance of his refined studies by "rusty old parsons" stamping about the Bodleian in their clumsy shoes, "farmer-consorting and uncivilised" in look and manner, and his mimicry of their "long and dull" intonation when they voted next day on the wrong but winning side. On that occasion his own support of Peel caused many head shakings among the wisacres in his parish of S. Mary's, Reading, though he had lived down the suspicions caused by his writing not only religious dramas such as the "Martyr of

Antioch," which might be pardoned in a poetry professor, but a real stage-play—"Fazio," in which Fanny Kemble and Ristori played Bianca.

Mr. Milman ascribes his father's long stay at Reading (1817-1835) to his reputation for heterodoxy. Peel, a few days before leaving office, submitted his name to the King for the rectory of S. Margaret's, Westminster, with a stall attached to it. The vast parish, under the wing of the Abbey and the British Senate, was about the worst in Europe, and it is characteristic of the times that such a cure of souls should have been offered, and accepted, as affording leisure for literary pursuits. We have no sympathy with the democratic ideal of perspiring prebendaries and distracted deans. The age needs more, not fewer, opportunities of leisured learning and cloistered devotion. But when the reformers of seventy years ago divided the emoluments of a stall between populous districts, it should have been in the interests of the latter. Milman laboured conscientiously to improve the condition of his appalling parish, but it required a S. Vincent de Paul. The marvel is that he accomplished so much at this time with his pen. His later works excited less disapprobation than the History of the Jews had done, and his promotion to S. Paul's was well received. Mr. Milman, by the bye, fails to see the humour of the frequent testimonials which he cites from Stanley to the orthodoxy of his fellow-Dean. Dean Milman himself, like many literary men who echo broad-church formulæ, was quite unable to see whither philosophically and logically they led. For Keble, who had stood aside for him at Oxford, he had an affectionate reverence, and wrote indignantly to the Primate in 1866 at finding himself, who had always censured the passing over of Keble in the bestowal of distinctions, omitted from the committee for raising a memorial to him. Milman however would hardly have concurred in the form the memorial took, though "Keble College" gave every imaginable hostage to Liberalism and, as it turned out, became a kind of mild broad-church centre. Mr. Milman should not have quoted without protest Lord Westbury's malicious imputation to Pusey of the words: "Our consolation is that the Lord Chancellor will sometime feel what is meant by eternal punishment." The Latin inscription on the Dean's tomb gives the date of his decease wrongly as 1 October, 1868. "Poet-priest Milman," as Byron called him, was a Christian scholar and gentleman, a man of immense industry—"in omni literarum genere versatus" his epitaph says truly—but as "veri indagator" somewhat over "intrepid."

## AFRICAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

"The War in South Africa: its Causes and Effects." By J. A. Hobson. London: Nisbet. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

"Natal: the Land and its Story" By Robert Russell, Superintendent of Education, Natal. London: Dent. 1899. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Boer States: Land and People." By A. H. Keane. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

"The Transvaal in War and Peace." By Neville Edwards. London: Virtue. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

THE most patent lesson of recent events has been that we in England, whether we listen in the Cabinet or criticise in the street, are in need of more information about the seat of war, and can afford to dispense with a good deal of the political theorising that has occupied our attention and hampered our preparations. Mr. Hobson, however, has thought fit to add to controversial literature a book made up largely from contributions to the "Speaker" and the "Manchester Guardian." In pursuit, apparently, of the object claimed by Mr. Courtney and his allies—the dissemination of accurate information about South Africa—he has industriously compiled everything that can fairly be said for the Boers and a good deal besides, and, by judiciously avoiding certain awkward points, has presented his case in a manner that is undoubtedly able. By a gracious admission of facts which cannot be controverted, he secures an appearance of impartiality. He admits, to a great extent, the misgovernment and corruption of the South African



Republic, but, in what purports to be a full examination of the political question, omits all mention of the way in which the Transvaal High Court has been brought under the control of Mr. Kruger. He looks upon the present war as a capitalist conspiracy, but, in his very detailed examination of the relations between capitalism and the African press, is silent about the "Standard and Diggers' News." He quotes Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner as witness to the theory that revolt amongst Cape Colony farmers, so far as it has gone, has been caused by Rhodesian *agents provocateurs*, and then innocently complains that honest tourists at the Cape are often misled by unscrupulous Jingo informants. After a most misleading summary of Sir Bartle Frere's policy, he gives countenance to discreditable insinuations against Sir Alfred Milner. In his capacity of pro-Boer Liberal he naturally conceals the fact that the policy which first turned the Orange Free State against Britain was undertaken by a Liberal Ministry. As a sample of Mr. Hobson's controversial methods we may cite his allusion to General Brabant "whose attitude of mind may be gauged," we are told, by a hasty remark thrown out in a moment of very natural irritation at a disloyal boast on the part of a Dutch member of the Cape Assembly. Mr. Hobson quotes the remark and ignores its occasion. We may be very uncivilised, but we frankly acknowledge that we have a higher opinion of the possibly hot-tempered officer who is at present chasing Mr. Hobson's friends from the Dordrecht district, than of a disingenuous advocate who is doing his very best to make the nation's task more difficult.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Russell's unpretentious little book on Natal, and to find an excellent account of the history and geography of a colony which has earned the admiration of the Empire. The book is really intended for use in schools, but the historical part is quite readable, and the contents are marked alike by accuracy and impartiality. Mr. Keane has failed to do in the case of the Boer States what Mr. Russell has done for Natal, and, were it not for his claim that "the volume is not meant to be a fugitive piece, to catch the passing airs" but "aims at presenting a permanent record," we should have dismissed the work as a hasty piece of book-making. On questions of anthropology and geography Mr. Keane is of course an authority, but his account of South African history is not only ill-arranged but marred by numerous small inaccuracies, some of which are probably due to the printer. There is too much about Bechuana philology and too little about Boer politics to satisfy the readers to whom Mr. Keane expressly appeals. His political views are sensible, but he evidently knows little of South African questions except at second hand, and we cannot see the necessity of his book. If it reaches a second edition the author should cease to write "ethical" when he means "ethnical," and should banish from his pages the imaginary "President Burgess" in favour of the historic President Burgers.

It is difficult to appreciate Mr. Neville Edwards' war album. Some of the photographs are excellent, and the work is a good specimen of a kind of book for which we cannot profess enthusiasm. The text is not to be taken very seriously, but some of its desultory chapters are quite amusing, and there is a cheerful inaccuracy about the writer's history and grammar which should win the hearts of a public that cannot be sated by illustrated journalism. There are so many portraits and groups in the volume that any private in the British Army whose presentment has been inadvertently omitted will have a genuine grievance. After all, since we are most of us grown-up children and prefer pictures to dissertations, a medley of photographs will perhaps teach the public more about South Africa than the earnest Mr. Hobson or the concise Mr. Keane.

#### OCCASIONAL CRITICISM.

"On Books and Arts." By Frederick Wedmore. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1899. 6s.

MR. WEDMORE is so well versed a critic that he will not wish his essays to be taken otherwise than critically. A good many of them were contributed

to a daily paper and concerning these we may be permitted to say that they can by the nature of the case have no great value. Taken as journalism these obituary notices of Leighton, Millais and Burne Jones, for instance, are good examples of the right thing said in the right way. But an obituary notice is scarcely the place for a searching and outspoken estimate of an artist's work, even if it allowed the necessary compass; and we are told in the preface that these appreciations figure substantially as they were first written. Moreover, virtuosity of style is scarcely to be looked for in contributions to a daily paper, where the individual accent has by tradition to be repressed. Thus we are obliged in considering Mr. Wedmore as an essayist to rule out a great deal that is in his book either as occasional criticism, which, written for a particular purpose, can scarcely be thorough, or as liable to a yet more fatal objection in that the mode of expression is forced to conform to a conventional model—in short to be expressionless. There remain enough papers in which Mr. Wedmore speaks in his own person and not with the voice of corporate omniscience to afford ample material for judgment—and also to demonstrate our point, for their style is by no means identical with that of the contributions to the daily organ. Let us take an instance:—

"De Maupassant was pessimist generally, because, master of an amazing talent, he refreshed himself never in any rarefied air. The vista of the Spirit was denied him. His reputation he may keep; but his school—the school in which a few even of our own imitative writers prattle the accents of a hopeless materialism—his school, I fancy, will be crowded no more. For, with an observation keen and judicial, M. René Bazin treats to-day themes, we need not say more legitimate—since much may be legitimate—but at least more acceptable. And then again, with a style of which De Maupassant, direct as was his own, must have envied even the clarity and the subtler charm, a master draughtsman of ecclesiastic and bookworm, of the neglected genius of the provincial town (some poor devil of a small professor) and of the soldier, and the shopkeeper, and the Sous-Préfet's wife—I hope I am describing M. Anatole France—looks out on the contemporary world with a vision humane and genial, sane and wide."

To describe this style in a word, one must call it the interjectional manner. Now the "Standard" might perhaps allow Mr. Wedmore to say that "the vista of the Spirit" (with a capital S) "was denied to De Maupassant" (with a capital D), because the "Standard" probably would attach no precise meaning to the statement—(our own case); but no paper would allow Mr. Wedmore, if he spoke in the person of "we," to pause so obviously and take breath in the middle of his sentences. These, the responsible and quasi-editorial utterances, must evolve themselves smoothly and deliberately without jerk or interpolation; and Mr. Wedmore, once escaped from these fetters, throws an aside or parenthesis into every second sentence that he writes. The object is presumably to secure for his writing what is truly a great charm—the accent of spoken speech, the colloquial tone. But if one is trying for the colloquial tone one must not at the same time obtrusively make patterns with words; one must not say for instance "he refreshed himself never" when the idiom of natural English, whether spoken or written, demands "he never refreshed himself." The same objection applies with still greater force to the phrase "must have envied even the clarity and subtler charm"—because in that case the actual meaning of the words is different from that which Mr. Wedmore wishes to convey. He means "must have even envied" not "must have envied even." The former is of course an awkward collocation of syllables, but the way to get over that is not to give the words an arbitrary position but to say the same thing in different words. In short the sum of the matter is that we like a great deal of what Mr. Wedmore says, we think that he sometimes says it brilliantly, but as a general rule we are not much attracted by his manner of saying it; and in the essay the manner is at least as much as the matter.

## QUASI-HISTORY.

"The Daughter of Peter the Great: a History of Russian diplomacy and of the Russian Court under Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, 1741-1762." By R. Nisbet Bain. London: Constable. 1899. 15s.

THIS book possesses many of the characteristics of a serious history. It has four closely packed pages of bibliography, an elaborate index, a full table of contents and a certain number of critical notes. It is replete with information sometimes grave, sometimes gay, nearly always chatty, and yet it may be doubted whether it should be called a history at all, and whether it is not devoid of the essential qualities which confer upon a book the right to be classed in that category.

Mr. Bain deals with an interesting period. His heroine is Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, who occupied the throne of that country from 1741-1762. His narrative therefore covers the two Silesian Wars and the Seven Years' War. A reader might, in anticipation, expect to be stirred by the rise of Prussia, by the beginning of that rivalry with Austria which culminated at Sadowa, by the brilliant genius of the youthful Frederick and the elder Pitt. The epoch is so momentous that some authorities have proposed that modern history should begin with the date 1740 because the accession of Frederick the Great marked a new departure in human affairs. Mr. Bain is free from these distracting emotions. To him Frederick is a "magnanimous highwayman" with a "cynical disregard of political morality which has rarely been equalled and never surpassed." He regards him as a nuisance. "Perhaps no one ever did so much to demoralise diplomacy as this Proteus of politics." You would gather from Mr. Bain's pages that the ruling passion of Frederick in his early years was hatred of Bestuzhev. We read in the index under the title "Frederick" "plots against Bestuzhev 109-110:" "plots against Bestuzhev 122-123:" "fear of Bestuzhev 129:" "hatred of Bestuzhev 168." At the same time any adequate appreciation of Pitt as a factor in the politics of the time is looked for in vain.

We all know that history is usually written in prose and that prose is pedestrian, but Mr. Bain's style not only walks but crawls. Great issues of international policy are treated in language which would be more appropriate in a conversation between a counterjumper and a bagman on some huckstering of trade. The "dignity of history" may have been exaggerated, but there is after all a decent standard of elevation below which the recital of world-important issues should not be allowed to fall. Mr. Bain's flowers of speech are not confined to any one department of his narrative. In a battle "squadrons caught like mice in a trap are mown down to the last man." An impressionable Grand Duchess is irresistibly attracted by "a dazzling Phoenix" and abandons all other lovers in his favour. Frederick "snatches a substantial prize out of the political hurly-burly." An ambassador has a "preternaturally keen nose for scenting out secret French agents, whom he repeatedly hunted down."

The best chapter in the book is that which treats of the Court of Elizabeth. Mr. Bain has a real talent for collecting gossip and arranging it in an attractive form, and he does not spoil its raciness by any exaggerated standard of delicacy. His knowledge of unusual tongues and of books little read in England gives him a great advantage in this field; the only drawback is that he is apt to rely too much on this kind of material, to judge statesmen by their lower rather than by their higher motives and to mistake a knowledge of external surroundings for the comprehension of internal forces.

It would be pleasant to assign a higher meed of excellence to Mr. Bain's book which has many merits. Its author has knowledge, industry, interest in his subject, an eye for the picturesque and sympathy with personal character, indeed many of the qualities which are necessary for the making of an historical writer, but he lacks those which are indispensable, without which all other qualities are valueless, the gift of historical insight and the sense of due proportion between the weighty and the trivial.

## IDEALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

"The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity." By John Caird. With a Memoir by Edward Caird. 2 vols. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1899.

IT is not only Glasgow men who must deplore the death of Principal Caird. Of late we have had few philosophic theologians who could command the attention of educated laymen. Among these few the Principal took a high place almost from the moment when he left a parish to become a professor of theology. He was not the foremost of them in scholarly erudition, or in metaphysical acuteness; for his systematic studies were commenced at a comparatively mature age, and he always saw the ideas of philosophy through the haze of his early training. Even his eloquence, though justly celebrated, was not exactly of the first order of merit. It was more imposing than persuasive, more remarkable for stateliness than for limpid simplicity. But we should be at a loss to name any one of his contemporaries in whom the qualifications of the scholar, the rhetorician, and the philosopher were more happily combined, or more loyally devoted to the service of deep convictions and a noble purpose. He did not claim to be the founder of a school of thought. His position and his object strongly resembled those of the authors of "Essays and Reviews" in a former generation, of "Lux Mundi" in our own. He aspired to mediate between historic Christianity and modern idealism, by proving that the facts of the one are implied in the doctrines of the other. He took his stand upon the Fourth Gospel and the Epistles of S. Paul. From these documents he deduced his conceptions of the Divine Nature both in itself and in its relations to the finite world. Of the historic narrative contained in the Gospels he was prepared to reject whatever details seemed to belittle or debase the conception of an immanent, perfect, personal divinity; and in particular he refused to defend the truth of those events to which the name of miracle is confined in popular terminology. But while he desired to correct the language ordinarily applied to such mysteries as the Incarnation, Resurrection and Atonement, he never wavered in asserting the Divinity of Christ and the finality of Christ's authentic teaching. He would not hear of any discrepancy between idealism and this sublimated form of Christianity. Indeed, not content with insisting on their harmony, he argued that either might be deduced from the other; that idealism was implicit in S. Paul, and that the scheme of Redemption might be deduced from idealism almost as the propositions of Euclid are deduced from definitions, axioms and postulates. Philosophy, he held, is made up of inferences from those glimpses of Himself which God in the course of ordinary experience vouchsafes to every human being. These continuous revelations, though inferior in worth to that which was contained in the life of Christ, are of the same nature. The higher revelation agrees with and explains the lower: we ascend through the lower to a comprehension of the nature and the logical necessity of the higher.

Bold as they may seem, these claims can reasonably be defended, if they are advanced on behalf of the ideal philosophy, which is not yet but is to be in the remote future. An impartial critic might charge Principal Caird with forgetting the immense difference between this philosophy of the future and that which we possess in the present. Modify it as we may, Hegelianism still refuses to give us Christianity as its consequence, and the Hegelian is always on the verge of contradicting propositions which no Christian will consent to call in question. We may, for example, conclude from the Hegelian theory of self-consciousness that God is dual in a sense; but it will hardly give us the third person of the Trinity. The idealist may, by treating time as subjective, prove the soul to be immortal; but in refusing to connect the soul with the ideas of decay and dissolution, he likewise deprives it of the attribute of perfectibility. Development, for better or for worse, is a process of change; except in time there can be no change, and therefore no moral evolution. To take a third instance, the Incarnation is not inconsistent with the Hegelian notion of the divine, but the Hegelian cannot treat the Incarnation as a unique phenomenon.



He explains it as he explains the awakening of the moral consciousness in the ordinary human being; he fails to show why the revelation of the divine is complete in the one case, incomplete in the other. Instead of explaining he explains away the cardinal problems of Evil, of life subsisting by the destruction of life, of the sense of moral responsibility. We are apt to forget that he approaches these questions from a point of view which was foreign to S. Paul. The Apostle was concerned with the metaphysics of conduct; the philosopher neglects these for the metaphysics of cognition. Hence the one inclines to dualism and the other to monism. But monism as we know it will not explain the problems of conduct, and so far we have failed to make the process of cognition intelligible on a dualistic hypothesis. This antinomy can hardly be final; but we cannot afford to ignore its existence. The gulf between the Hegelian and the Christian cannot be bridged by amiable reticences and mutual compromises of vocabulary.

#### A RULER OF INDIA.

"The Rulers of India: Bábar." By Stanley Lane-Poole. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1899. 2s. 6d.

IT was not a mere coincidence that Bábar appeared at an epoch which saw the Genoese reach America and the ships of Portugal anchor at Calicut. The world was seething with enterprise and discovery. The Reformation stirred the mind of Europe while the fall of the Eastern Empire and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain altered its map. The same ferment which produced Columbus and Da Gama, Luther and Ferdinand in the West gave birth to Bábar in the East. The Turk was not unworthy of his great compeers. His vast achievements, his rare qualities and his extraordinary personal character place him high among the rulers, not of India only but of the world at large. The story of his life is a romance for which a parallel must be sought in the adventures of Cortes and Pizarro. At eleven years of age he made good by arms his succession to his father's kingdom. By his twenty-second year he had six times seized and five times lost a throne. In ten years of incessant warfare at an age when English boys are at school or college he had twice conquered Samarkand and he finished with the capture of Kábul. Yet this was only the prelude to a larger and more enduring conquest. Once again he sat on the throne of Samarkand. That sovereignty was his real ambition, the dominant desire of his life and it was never finally realised. This third time he occupied Samarkand as the half vassal of the Persians who had destroyed his successful rival Shaibáni. With the liberality or indifference to sectarian tenets which reappears in the character of his grandson he half adopted the Shia creed of his suzerain. The alliance with Persia and its religion was fatal. It alienated his orthodox Sunni subjects. After a brief inglorious reign he was ignominiously expelled by the Uzbeks and turned his back for ever on the land he loved best. Later on it suits him to say that the conquest of India had always been his ambition. His own journal makes it clear that even in the magnificence of Delhi and Agra he yearned for the cool skies, the clear streams, the fruits and flowers of his native land. Not improbably the long gap in his Memoirs (1508-1519) represents the reluctance he felt to record the history of years which saw his bitterest disappointment.

Bábar was the greatest of India's conquerors, though his fame has been overshadowed by the larger glories of Akbar. As he himself points out his forces were smaller and his difficulties greater than those of any of his predecessors. Mahmúd Gházi led 100,000 men and Shaháb-ud-din 120,000. Bábar's army was but 12,000. They fought against petty Rajas: he had to encounter an Empire. His superb courage and resource alone surmounted every obstacle and made him founder of the Moghul Empire, a strange misnomer by the way for Bábar was a Turk: he hated and despised the Mongols, though the blood of Chingiz Khan ran in his veins. To the Mongols he owes his infelicitous nickname of Bábar (the Tiger). No man was ever less tigerish. Magnanimous to his enemies, loyal and affectionate to

his friends, considerate and respectful to women, a brave and honest gentleman in all relations of life he crowned all by a fatherly love which led him to lay down his life for his son. But he was not faultless. His vices and excesses stand as frankly revealed as his virtues.

Bábar was peculiarly happy in his historian for he is himself the chief authority for his history. He has left one of the very best journals ever written—an invaluable record of his times and a demonstration of the literary skill of the royal author. Had he lived in these days Bábar would have taken high rank as a special correspondent. His descriptions of Hindustan seize the salient points of the country and its people just as they would strike a visitor to-day. One wonders why his clear perception of their deficiencies should be described in this volume as "perverse prejudice." The story of this wonderful man is told by Professor Stanley Lane-Poole with masterly attractiveness. In spite of the strange names even the reader unversed in Eastern history will follow it as he would a romance. By a judicious selection of extracts the author allows Bábar to tell a good deal of the story himself. His work should raise up many fresh readers for the imperishable Memoirs of the great Emperor.

#### THE POETRY OF DEVOTION.

"Prayers from the Poets: a Calendar of Devotion." Compiled and edited by Laurie Magnus and Cecil Headlam. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1899. 5s.

THE poetry of devotion is vindicated by Messrs. Magnus and Headlam in this scholarly and tasteful compilation. If a comparison between the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" and the "Treasury of Sacred Song" leaves a doubt whether there is such a thing as the poetry of devotion at all, "Prayers from the Poets" goes far to get rid of any such scepticism. It does not indeed entirely remove the difficulty of the poetic poverty of nine out of ten hymns and of most professedly religious verse, a difficulty that weighs on a mind at once spiritual and cultured, but it does demonstrate that compositions devotionally true are not of necessity poetically false. And for that we are genuinely thankful to Mr. Magnus and his fellow-worker. Certainly, this is by far the best sacred anthology we have yet come across. Every piece in the collection is truly spiritual; almost every piece is poetic. Catholic in the extreme, the anthology lays under contribution every creed and every church, the faith of the Hebrews and Heathen Mythology, Pagan Philosophy and the Catholic Church. Nor is it less tolerant artistically, admitting a poetic host of every size and brightness, from the Psalmist, Shakespeare, Herrick, Wordsworth to Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Kipling and the Poet Laureate. Amongst the great ones is Emily Brontë, whose solitary contribution is worthy of the extraordinary mind that produced "Wuthering Heights." The arrangement of the book assigns a prayer to every day of the year, an allocation merely mechanical but convenient devotionally. As a most charming gift book we earnestly commend this volume to young ladies anxious to make presents to each other. They will be doing much better with their pocket money in buying this book than by investing it in "Edna Lyall Birthday-books" and all such rubbish.

#### AN OCTETTE OF NOVELS.

"An Octave." By W. E. Norris. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

"An Octave" is so called because it contains eight short stories. Most of these perhaps hardly show the author at his best. Mr. Norris needs space to develop his ideas and to stitch his scenes together; he struggles somewhat ineffectually to reach a dénouement in one or two scores of pages. Those who will supply obvious gaps from their own imaginations will find all the stories pleasant and buoyant reading, and two of them deserve higher praise. "The First Lord and the Last Lady" gives us representations of English political life

that are no less powerful than painful in an intriguing party woman and two more or less typical ministers. "A Préfet of the Second Empire" is a social sketch in which Mr. Norris has caught not only much of the French spirit but what is a still rarer acquisition for an English novelist, something of the sound style of French narrative.

"A Rise in the World." By Adeline Sergeant. London: F. V. White. 1900. 6s.

"A Rise in the World" opens with more freshness, vigour, and originality than any book by its author since the "Diary of a Penitent Soul." The story, it is true, gets on to conventional lines as soon as it has a chance. The gawky, ill-bred servant-girl whom the hero (only son of his mother, three removes from a peerage, blameless, beautiful) has rashly married dis appoints us by becoming the ultra-refined, distinguished-looking, high-minded matron who is the rule in such cases. There is the usual queenly Cousin Guendolen, too, who loves the hero and hates his base-born bride, and she makes very nearly the usual kind of mischief. Then the hero dies and comes to life again and dies again. All this sounds rather stagey and so it is. But the writing and the character of the young woman and her mother-in-law—perhaps especially her mother-in-law—have some vitality and interest.

"The Cambric Mask." By R. W. Chambers. London: Macmillan 1900. 6s.

Thackeray's imaginary reviewer condemned a fashionable novel because it was "lamentably deficient in geological information." Mr. Chambers' story shows very full knowledge of entomology, but, this once said, we find it difficult to give a verdict on "The Cambric Mask." The book is a curious medley of financial schemers, "White-Riders" (apparently the New York State counterpart of moonlighters), butterfly-fanciers, and the stock characters of American comedy. There are some spirited scenes, and the writer manages to create an atmosphere by his admirable treatment of nature. He is not so successful with his heroine, whom he draws with sentimentality rather than with taste. The book suggests to us a kind of blend between the works of Bret Harte, Mr. John Burroughs the American naturalist, and the "Belle of New York," but the suspicion remains that if Mr. Chambers took more trouble he would produce good work.

"In Old New York." By Wilson Barrett and Elwyn Barron. London: MacQueen. 1900. 6s.

A novel turned into a play is generally a very bad play, but a play turned into a novel passes bounds. Because a mob of idle citizens has applauded—if it has indeed applauded, for we know nothing of this play—therefore the reading world must be asked to suffer a volume compounded of melodrama and padding. A book like this shows what poor stuff may pass on the stage. For if the critic is honest, he will say to himself—"Yes, that situation is effective: this ineffable bore will make the pit laugh"—and so forth. The authors seem to know very little of the eighteenth century, and the book might with almost equal plausibility be styled "In Old Timbuctoo." The book will no doubt be read by those who for lack of a better phrase must be called Mr. Wilson Barrett's followers; but it makes no claim to serious critical consideration.

"Outside the Radius." By W. Pett Ridge. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1899. 6s.

The chief sensation on reading these "stories of a London suburb" is one of disappointment. The respectable "bourgeoisie" are, doubtless, the bulwark of the nation, but, taken as a whole, they are not humorous, and are very difficult to describe humorously. Pettiness is not amusing, but rather nauseating, and after a few of these stories, we smell badly cooked dinners and hear querulous babies. The one redeeming character is Mrs. Lade the charwoman, who belongs to the class which the author has always described with real humour. The pathetic stories are "banal," and we regretfully acknowledge that when Mr. Pett Ridge is not making us laugh, he is boring us!

"Uncle Peter." By Sema Jeb. London: Fisher Unwin. 1900. 6s.

"Uncle Peter," though not a work of art, is a romance of more than average merit, which will delight many juvenile readers and some others. It tells of the education of a boy in an unknown part of Norway after the ideas of an eccentric uncle, and of his subsequent experiences in England, everything coming right for everybody in the end in the old-fashioned method. The villain is all too villainous, and the constant efforts to moralise are neither interesting nor impressive.

"Charming Miss Kyrle." By Mina Sandeman. London: Long. 1899. 6s.

This very eccentric work fills one with amazement. It might form a splendid joke were it not really quite pitiful to think of the hours wasted over such a composition. Of plot there is little or none: there is a superlatively lovely widow, with an if possible more lovely daughter of seventeen, but little interest is roused by either.

"The Loyal Hussar and Other Stories." By Alan St. Aubyn. London: Digby, Long. 1900. 6s.

Fourteen slight sketches demonstrating a certain facility but no particular felicity in the treatment of more or less commonplace themes.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"An Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton." By Hiram Corson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899. 5s.

This book is hardly calculated in some important respects to attain the purpose for which it appears to be intended. For one portion of it we have nothing but praise and this portion would alone make the book invaluable to serious students of Milton—that is the autobiography of Milton compiled from his own writings which occupies the greater part of the volume. This has been done before but it has never been done so thoroughly and so judiciously, and in doing this Professor Corson has conferred a real boon on students of Milton. But Milton is very far from being represented by the works incorporated in this volume, namely "Comus," "Lycidas" and "Samson Agonistes" nor can introductions to and annotated reprints of these works serve to form even approximately an introduction to his works as a whole. Professor Corson would have attained his object much more effectively had he dealt with Milton's work in poetry and prose as he has treated his autobiography, had he namely selected such works or rather portions of such works as would illustrate his author's genius and art on all sides. He might for example have selected The "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," "L'Allegro," "Lycidas," "Comus," the first two books of "Paradise Lost" and two or three selections from "Paradise Regained"—say the descriptions of Rome and Athens with Christ's following speech to Satan, and "Samson Agonistes." This might have required two volumes and with the necessary elucidations probably would have done so, but it would have constituted what the present volume assuredly does not, an adequate introduction to the study of Milton. We cannot accept without some reservation Professor Corson's remark that "Paradise Lost" is one of the "most educating" poems in English: in some respects no doubt it is but the infirmities in its theology prevent it being educative in a sense in which we must look more and more to poets to become educative.

"How England Saved Europe." By W. H. Fitchett. London: Smith, Elder. In 4 vols. 1899. 6s. each.

To take Mr. Fitchett as a serious historian is a little difficult after his book "Deeds that Won the Empire," but at his worst he has the knack of appealing to and holding the reader's imagination. In his story of the great war 1793-1815—the war in which the genius of Napoleon was met and frustrated by "Pitt in the Cabinet, Nelson on the quarter-deck, Wellington on the field of battle"—he is not at his worst but his best. The four volumes to which the work is to run, judging by the three issued, will not be placed on the library shelves on account of profound research or original philosophical treatment. But they are likely to be read when more important contributions to history are ignored. Mr. Fitchett has an unerring instinct for the dramatic in history and when we say that he presents his story with a vivid touch suggestive of historical romance rather than sober history, we indicate the secret of his power. In any case of course it would be difficult to avoid giving a dramatic turn to the great struggle which ended only with the placing of Napoleon on board the "Bellerophon." "The tale," says Mr. Fitchett, "is a resounding epic rather than a drab-coloured page of pallid and slow-moving history; an Hiad of battles sieges and invasions. The tumult and fury of a Revolution sweeping across France shook every throne in Europe."



From the Revolution emerges a soldier with genius equal to Alexander or Hannibal, and with an ambition more ruthless than either Alexander or Hannibal knew. He turns the fierce energy of the Revolution into the channel of foreign conquest. He makes himself the master of the Continent. He dreams of universal empire. England alone, with the secret of her strength in the sea, stands in his path." And the climax of the twenty years' war was that Napoleon appealed to the English to make him a citizen of the empire which he would have overthrown had there been no Pitt, no Nelson and no Wellington to say him nay! There is not a dull page in Mr. Fitchett's work.

"Cyclopædia of Classified Dates." By Charles E. Little. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company, 1900.

Immense labour has been spent on this compilation of dates. It is a volume of 1,454 pages each page having three columns, and the Index alone comprises 300 such pages. The work has been in hand ten years and in the result it seems to be as nearly complete as classification, indexing, and the minute collection of subject matter can make it. We should think it hardly possible for any reader, unless in the most extraordinary by-paths of scholarship, to require any date which he would not be able to find in this book, and he would find it readily by means of the Index. Distinction between mythical and historical dates is carefully marked and indefinite dates are clearly indicated. They are arranged for all the countries of the world that have any history under the heads of "Army—Navy," "Art," "Births and Deaths," "Church," "Letters," "Society," "State," and "Miscellaneous;" periods of various lengths being taken until the whole history of a country has been duly gone through; and its important events may thus be read in connected order whatever may be the department in which the reader is interested. It is no dry barren chronicle, but a book like Johnson's Dictionary that can be read with sustained interest; a very considerable amount of "plot" is to be found in it which some readers of the dictionary have failed to discover.

"Napoleon's War Maxims." By Professor L. E. Henry, B.A. London: Gale and Polden, 1900. 6s.

The subject is an interesting one; and much more might have been made of it had the compiler possessed a better knowledge of the English idiom, and a less intemperate hatred of the house of Bonaparte. Speaking of Napoleon III.'s celebrated message to the King of Prussia at Sedan—which by the way he quotes incorrectly—he says "this the Imperial Commander-in-Chief wrote of himself to his German foes, who must have rigidly round their mess-room in a plump fit of laughter at Badinguet's pitiable cheek." This comment on a letter which was unquestionably the most dignified which a man in Napoleon's unfortunate position could possibly have penned is to say the least vulgar. These views are expressed in reference to a maxim of the first Napoleon's concerning surrenders. But the author forgets or has not realised that the precision of modern arms has altered the old views held as to surrenders. In future, surrenders must become more common, and a commander who now wilfully exposes his troops to a decimating fire without any hope of ultimate success deserves the severest reprobation. He alludes to the hero of the book as having usurped the royal crown of France. But Napoleon I. did nothing of the kind. He picked an imperial crown out of the gutter.

"Ruling Cases." Edited by Robert Campbell. With American Notes by Leonard A. Jones. Vol. XX. Patent. London: Stevens. Boston, U.S.A.: The Boston Book Co. 1900. 25s. net.

We have spoken well of former volumes of the "Ruling Cases" and do not propose to speak otherwise of the twentieth. The apportionment of space among different subjects must necessarily be somewhat haphazard, which may account for Patent being conceded the monopoly of an entire volume, while Partnership, a topic of at least equal dimensions, was disposed of in half the space. The cases are in the main those which most lawyers would single out for the places assigned to them and the American notes are particularly good; but the English annotations are somewhat meagre and at points clearly defective. We do not by the way notice any reference to the subject of "compulsory licence" which has lately become important and given rise to several cases. "Compulsory licence" is of course the nearest English analogy to the Continental system of exploitation or compulsory working. A beginner, ignorant of Patent Law and practice would certainly find Mr. Campbell's latest volume highly educative.

"Matter, Ether, and Motion." By Prof. A. E. Polhear. Edited by Prof. A. H. Lodge. London: 1899. S.P.C.K. 5s.

A book that is most suggestive and interesting to the student of physics. It gives an account of the latest phases and aspects of scientific speculation on the nature of these three concepts and on the general interpretation of electrical, chemical, and other phenomena. For anyone specialising in some particular branch of science such a book is exceedingly valuable as giving a sort of bird's-eye view of modern discoveries. But to those who possess but little knowledge of the subject, the book may well prove a dangerous thing. The lay reader especially is

liable to fall into erroneous ideas from the hurried fashion in which many facts and formulae are explained. Certain chapters, notably those on "Chemism" and Life, are vague and inconclusive in their suggestions except for those who are already versed in the subject. Want of space no doubt is a factor in the case. The conceptions of electro-chemistry as far as they are developed seem hardly up to date. The best trait in the book is its clear presentment of the vortex atom conception. Its chief defect is its dogmatic tone and apparent oblivion of the relativity of our knowledge.

"Vergil Æneid, Book VI." Edited by A. H. Allcroft and B. T. Hayes. University Tutorial Series. London: W. B. Clive. 1s. 6d.

This book is clear well arranged and generally correct. One or two points might however have been treated differently. In the note on "defixus lumina" a distinction might have been drawn between those cases in which the participle is really passive and those in which it has undoubtedly a "middle" force. The explanation given on "irruat" (line 294) is also misleading. "Irruat" cannot possibly mean "will rush." Vergil plainly uses the pres. subj. here instead of the pluperf. subj. because in the indicative clause of the sentence of which this is an organic part, the "historic present" is used. The book contains a useful index on proper names, but why have the authors omitted Parthenopæus from the list?

"A History of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta," by George Longridge, with a preface by the Lord Bishop of Rochester (London: John Murray, 1900. 7s. 6d.) is a plain unvarnished narrative of the history of a great mission. "Calcutta is but one corner of India," as Dr. Talbot points out, "but educationally as much as politically it is a centre. Its educated class is but a fraction of India's enormous populations but it is the fraction which is most directly susceptible to English influence and which exercises the largest share of the power that belongs to speech and writing." The book is interesting not only for the account it gives of mission work but for the light it sheds on some phases of native character and customs as witnessed from the standpoint of the Christian propagandist. Other Indians in another sphere appear in Dr. H. B. Whipple's "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate" (London and New York: Macmillan, 1899. 17s. net). The Bishop of Minnesota seems to have been very diffident about preparing his autobiography but his reminiscences are exceptionally attractive, and will no doubt be widely read by all concerned in mission work.—"The Primacy of England" by Samuel F. Halton (Oxford: Blackwell; London: Simpkin, 1899. 6s.) is an elaborate and learned examination of the struggle between York and Canterbury for precedence and the right of crowning kings and holding the Roman legation. It is divided into three sections dealing with Papal, Royal and Parliamentary supremacy.—"Charles A. Berry, D.D." by James S. Drummond (London: Cassell, 1899.) is a memoir which will be prized in the wide circle who knew and loved "the Broad Evangelical," as Dr. Berry called himself. Dr. Berry was noted for the fairness and chivalry with which he opposed the Established Church. "He was never eager to snatch a mere controversial victory in debate." A strenuous Liberationist, he was among the most earnest of the Free Church Federalists.—The best proof of the interest of "Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland" by Dr. J. Duncan Craig (London: Elliot Stock, 1900) is that a second edition has been called for. "The late Duke of York" says the author in the preface to the new edition, "spoke golden words when, talking of Ireland he said 'Develop her resources; curb her agitators; and give her an open Bible.'"

Of the making of journals there is no end; but a few weeks back we welcomed the arrival of the "Review of the Week;" and now a "review and record of the week" is born into the world in the shape of the "Londoner." The Londoner is accustomed to overcrowding, which does not usually kill him. Thus the omen is averted. The proprietor of the "Londoner" is a wit and the editor a philosopher, as many who remember Oxford in the early eighties will bear witness. Could there be a better combination than wit and wisdom?

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Schluck und Jan.* Von Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: Fischer, 1900.

We put Hauptmann's new play at the head of our review, but we frankly confess that we think it unworthy of its authorship. In language it is more contumaciously dialectic than the worst passages in "Die Weber" or "Fuhrmann Henschel;" in style it lacks the distinction of "Die versunkene Glocke" or even of "Hannele's Himmelfahrt," and in subject it challenges comparison with the "Arabian Nights" and with Shakespeare, and emerges somewhat damaged from the ordeal. We write strongly, because we feel strongly. Gerhart Hauptmann is still on the right side of forty, and his friends and admirers expect much of him. He has been praised so much, and withal so deservedly, since his first success in 1889 that, unless he pulls himself together and makes a strong effort at fresh work, there is a danger, exemplified in "Schluck und Jan," of his becoming

prematurely old and believing his creative time to be over. We do not believe that this is so, but it is a mere waste of a valuable year—a year held in trust for literature—to produce so depressing a version of the trick played on Christopher Sly as this comedy of the Silesian woods. It was first intended, we believe, to call this play a “caprice,” but some sense of humour must have intervened to prevent the abuse of language. Someone said once that a German would compose a preface to his epigram and compile an index to his love-song; and there is no little of this heavy-handed method about the play which should have been a caprice. But if we are offended by the unidealised vernacular and repelled by the obvious imitation of Shakespeare, this cruel old comedy of the peasant turned prince cannot be less than attractive. The glimpse of Paradise, though but seen through the spectacles of a drunken, illiterate hind, has that quality of the eternal human with which the Arabian Princess charmed her lord for a thousand and one nights. Hauptmann has made a mistake in foisting this play on an indulgent public, but it is a mistake which, in the nature of the case, cannot be a complete failure.

*Die Renaissance in Florenz und Rom.* Von Karl Brandi. Leipzig: Teubner; London: D. Nutt. 1900.

Except for the irritating ornamentation which the printer has introduced to embellish the text, Professor Brandi's eight lectures on the Renaissance in Florence and Rome would be thoroughly commendable. The two cities, though united in the title-page, are distinguished in the body of the book. The Florentine Renaissance is followed through a select series of artistic and literary as well as political manifestations till the death of Savonarola, and the thread is resumed in Papal Rome till the end of Michaelangelo's career. We have seen by the skill with which the facts are marshalled in order that one department of life may illustrate another.

*Kritischer Wegweiser durch die neuere deutsche historische Litteratur.* Von F. Förster. Berlin: Johannes Rade; London: D. Nutt. 1900.

We mention this admirable critical bibliography of modern German historical works as a type of the things they do better in the Fatherland. We know no English publication which gives in less than sixty pages a guide in five chapters to the various departments of modern history, with short but valuable remarks on the scope of the volumes enumerated. The lists appended to the sections of the late Mr. Traill's “Social English” are the nearest approach to what we mean. Dr. Förster's bibliography will be found of the utmost value to all students, and especially, perhaps, to those whose acquaintance with German historians stops short at Sybel and Treitschke.

*England und das Deutsche Reich.* Von Erwin Bauer. *Wehrhaft zur See!* Von G. A. Erdmann. Leipzig: Elisch; London: D. Nutt. 1900. 1m. each.

Politicians and publicists who are interested in the pamphlet-literature of Germany should hasten to possess themselves of these two modest little monographs. Herr Bauer has already distinguished himself in this respect as the anonymous author of a brochure, published in 1895 by the same firm in Leipzig, and entitled “Our English Friends.” The sub-title of “A German Answer to English Slanders” gives the key to Herr Bauer's point of view. His present excursion into political pamphleteering is conceived with the same design of “following all the unfriendly sentiments and hostile acts of England against Germany from 1815 till the century's end.” It is no part of our duty in this place to reply to Herr Bauer's strictures or to point out their obvious fallacies; we merely mention his work as a specimen of the ephemeral literature with which the printing-presses of Germany are teeming. One point, however, we may be permitted to make. It is characteristic of the state of mind of writers of Herr Bauer's stamp that they are dragged in contrary directions by their hate of England and their fear of her. Thus on one page the meek reader is informed that these islands are the home of an obstinate conservatism which, like the Bourbons, can neither learn nor forget; “there is stagnation,” he is told, “where there is not retrogression.” And immediately afterwards, this stagnant or retrograde nation is represented as a kind of common European peril, on account of the greed and acquisitiveness, its domination of the markets of its world, and its restless instincts for “getting on.” How the two accounts are to be reconciled we must leave the German public to decide. We note that Herr Bauer wriggles a little about the German Emperor's recent visit to Windsor; but he takes firmer ground when he comes to the Imperialism of Mr. Chamberlain which is speedily to make England bankrupt. Herr Bauer does the SATURDAY REVIEW the honour to quote its article of 11 February, 1897, on Anglo-German relations. It has taken him three years to prepare his retort, and we condole with him on its belated appearance. The second monograph which has reached us from Elisch is by a well-known naval alarmist. The books which stand to his credit—“The German Fleet of War in the Twelfth Hour,” “Germany's Sea Power in the Twentieth Century,” “Unarmed at Sea: a Vision of 1900”—indicate by their question-begging titles the seriousness of the writer's arguments. His present contribution to the subject is more valuable than the rest. It shrieks fairly loudly in a variety of typographical keys, and its domestic

politics are coloured by a peculiarly violent Chauvinism; but with certain deductions it will be found an accurate and useful account of the views of the propagandists of the Navy Bill. It takes no notice of the latest agrarian scheme of wrecking the navy on the meat-rock.

*Deutsche Rundschau.* Edited by Dr. Rodenberg. March. 1900. Berlin: Paetel.

At the risk of being too political, we must refer to the sound and sensible estimate formed by Herr von Brandt in this Review of the career and character of “Joseph Chamberlain.” Last month we noticed the able article from his pen on the crisis in South Africa, and we are glad to see that he continues his fearless, if thankless, task of correcting the views of his fellow-countrymen on the war and its reputed author. It is a pleasure, too, to find that Dr. Rodenberg, the able conductor of the “Deutsche Rundschau” writes his political notes in a very different spirit from that which moves the mass of German editors. Attention must further be drawn to the extremely valuable and closely-reasoned article by Baron von der Goltz on “Sea Power and Land War.” It is a weighty plea for the increase of the German fleet, but it is composed with conspicuous good taste, and the examination of the conditions of a war between Germany and Great Britain fulfils the true object of such disquisitions, in helping to avoid rather than to provoke such a calamity. Turning from the literature of politics to the literature of letters, Herr Bölsche writes a pleasant appreciation of Paul Heyse on his 70th birthday, and concludes by saying bizarrely: “Crystals and personalities are the milestones on the road of life. Looking in the eyes of this artist, we feel that he is such a milestone, that he is one of the few great men in whom the century is crystallised.” It is a curious throw-back to the Carlylean view of history across the wilderness of the evolutionists. Paul Heyse, by the way, contributes to this number an instalment of his inexhaustible “Reminiscences.”

*Neue Deutsche Rundschau.* March, 1900. Berlin: Fischer.

A mediocre number. Dr. Sombart introduces in 25 pages his account of “The Theory and History of the Labour Movement in Factories,” and the editorial speaks of Ruskin as “the apostle who brought back the middle and working classes to the lost road of art.”

*Die Nation.* Edited by Dr. Theodor Barth. Vol. xvii. Nos. 20–23.

Received with thanks. Dr. Barth is one of the most enlightened Liberal politicians who still survive in Germany, and we read his review with constant interest. We note that he still maintains his distrust of England's “boundless chauvinistic Imperialism,” and he argues on 3 March for the intervention of Russia in South Africa. We should have given Dr. Barth credit for a better estimate of possibilities.

*Blätter für Volksbibliotheken und Lesehallen.* Edited by Dr. A. Graesel, Principal Librarian in the Royal University of Berlin. Leipzig: Harvassowitz. 1900. (Twelve numbers, 4m.)

A copy of the first number of this new periodical, devoted to the Public Library movement in Germany, has reached us from Baron O. von Schleinitz, whose services to the movement are considerable. Persons interested in the foundation and development of these institutions should study their history in Germany, and the name of the editor is sufficient guarantee of the trustworthiness of the record.

For This Week's Books see page 342.

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Lieut.-Colonel T. A. HILL (late commanding 12th Lancers).  
Brigadier-General Sir HENRY FLETCHER, M.P.  
The Lord CLONCURRY.  
General HENRY STRACEY.  
Colonel MELLISH.  
Lieut.-Colonel R. PILKINGTON, M.P.  
Colonel WYNDHAM MURRAY, M.P.  
A. K. THARP, Esq. (Derbyshire Yeomanry).

(With power to add.)

Hon. Secretary, A. G. HAMILTON, Esq., 13A Cockspur Street.

### INTERIM REPORT.

One full unit (121 officers and men) is now enrolled and in quarters in St. John's Wood Barracks, under the command of Colonel Barton, preparatory to embarkation. The men have all passed the higher shooting test, and the necessary riding test. Another complete Scotch unit is also in Barracks in Edinburgh, under the superintendence of Lieut.-Colonel T. A. Hill. A third unit is now in process of formation, and will in a few days go into Barracks at Aldershot, under the command of Sir Savile Crossley, Bart.

The formation of a fourth unit has been formally authorized, and will shortly be proceeded with.

The men have been selected from a large number of applicants. Some 300 further applications from various parts of the country are now being considered, and the applicants tested. A high standard of shooting is the first consideration. Should time and funds permit, it is proposed to fit some of the rifles, at all events, with a removable field match-rifle peep-sight designed by Lord Tweedmouth, some samples of which have already been ordered from Fraser, of Edinburgh.

Horses and saddlery have been requisitioned to be in readiness at the Cape through the Imperial Yeomanry Committee. The letters S.S. on the side of the felt hat form the special badge of the Corps. The details of the men's equipment have been carefully supervised by a Sub-Committee.

**FINANCE.**—About £5,000 has already been subscribed towards the organisation and special expenses of this Corps. These special expenses include an extra £10 bounty and a policy of insurance for £250 for one year for members with dependants. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and sub-section leaders will be provided with glasses or telescopes of the best quality that funds permit.

Further subscriptions towards these expenses are earnestly invited. A **MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT** has been arranged for FRIDAY, March 23rd, at St. James's Hall, in aid of the equipment funds. Many of the leading London Artists have already kindly consented to give their services, and the programme promises to be a most attractive one. Early application for tickets (21s., 10s. 6d., and 5s.) is requested to the Entertainment Committee, Sharpshooters' Corps, 13A Cockspur Street, S.W.

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## REPORT

To be submitted to the Shareholders at the Ordinary Annual General Meeting, to be held at Winchester House, London, E.C., on Tuesday, the 27th day of March, 1900, at Two o'clock precisely.

The annexed Statement of Accounts, which the Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders, shows a net realised profit for the year 1899 of £204,167 10s. 5d., to which must be added £42,919 10s. 1d. brought forward from last year.

The Directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 12½ per cent. and a bonus of 6d. per share (in all 3s. per share) free of Income Tax for the year ending 31st December, 1899, absorbing £187,500, leaving an amount of £59,587 os. 6d. to be carried forward, out of which Income Tax on the profits of the year has to be provided.

The issued capital of the Company now stands at £1,250,000, the balance of 150,000 shares of £1 each, unissued at the commencement of the year, having been placed since June at a premium of £1 per share, which has been placed to the Reserve Fund, increasing it from £400,348 7s. 7d. to £550,348 7s. 7d.

In the opinion of the Directors the Company's assets are of greater value than the amount stated in the Balance Sheet.

The Directors, convinced of the permanent establishment of British supremacy in South Africa, look forward with confidence to satisfactory results from the Company's moderate investments there.

The El Oro Mining and Railway Company, Limited, with a capital of £1,000,000, of which 900,000 shares of £1 each have been issued, has been formed and a large interest retained by this Company. The satisfactory reports made by this Company's experts, upon which this property was bought, are confirmed by Mr. R. T. Bayliss after a personal examination of the property.

Much to the regret of the Directors, they felt themselves obliged to relinquish the Agency of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company in consequence of the Board deciding to discontinue the publication of the Annual Report.

The Directors have disposed to advantage of the Company's interest in the Sulphide Corporation, Limited.

The completion of the Central London Railway has been unavoidably delayed beyond the time originally contemplated; but it is now practically completed and will soon be open to the public.

The success of the Compagnie Générale de Traction of Paris, foreshadowed in the Directors' last report, is now an accomplished fact, and its shares stand at a very substantial premium. Considerable investments have been made in Continental Electric Tramways, especially in Paris Companies, the shares of which are dealt in at good premium.

The Directors deeply regret the death of Mr. Dillwyn Parrish, whereby they have lost a colleague who has been closely connected with the Company since its original inception.

Mr. F. A. Lucas and Mr. J. E. Dudley Ryder, the Directors retiring by rotation in accordance with the Articles of Association, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co., the Auditors of the Company, being eligible, offer themselves for re-appointment.

HARRY MOSENTHAL, Chairman.

J. H. LUKACH, Managing Directors.  
R. T. BAYLISS, )

11 Cornhill, London, E.C.  
14th March, 1900.

J. H. M. SHAW,  
Secretary.

## BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1899.

To Capital Authorised	£	s.	d.
.. .. .	£1,250,000		
.. .. .	1,250,000	0	0
.. .. .	£400,348	7	7
.. .. .	150,000	0	0
.. .. .	550,348	7	7
.. .. .	158,287	14	8
.. .. .	365	17	11
.. .. .	184,614	8	1
.. .. .	141,694	18	0
.. .. .	42,919	10	1
.. .. .	204,167	10	5
.. .. .	247,087	0	6
.. .. .	£2,206,089	0	8

By Sandry Investments	£	s.	d.
.. .. .	1,652,358	8	0
.. .. .	£156,443	5	10
.. .. .	1,200	0	0
.. .. .	155,243	5	10
.. .. .	100,000	0	0
.. .. .	55,243	5	10
.. .. .	287,718	16	5
.. .. .	140,693	14	8
.. .. .	70,144	15	9
.. .. .	£2,206,089	0	8

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, for the year ending 31st December, 1899.

To General Expenditure, including Salaries of Managing Directors, Executive Committee and Staff, Rates and Taxes, Printing, Stationery, Audit, Legal and other charges	£	s.	d.
.. .. .	20,361	3	0
.. .. .	13,047	18	6
.. .. .	7,197	4	10
.. .. .	1,200	0	0
.. .. .	204,167	10	5
.. .. .	£245,973	16	9

By Gross Profits for year	£	s.	d.
.. .. .	245,119	6	9
.. .. .	854	10	0
.. .. .	£245,973	16	9

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers, and found the same to be correct.

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & Co., } Auditors.  
Chartered Accountants, }

London, 14th March, 1900.

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